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THE AGE OF PAPER.

HOWARD PAUL'S SONG.

Of "Golden Age" do poets tell,
The "Age of Brass" they laud as well,
While every age hath served by times
A peg on which to hang their rhymes;
But as the world goes rolling on,
Strange times indeed we've chanced upon,
For fashion's progress never lags,
And now we're in the "Age of Rags."
For paper now is all the rage,
And nothing else will suit the age.

Each swell, attired in mode extreme,
Of paper is a walking ream.
His collar, necktie, shirt and vest,
Instead of starched, are all hot pressed;
But greatest care he's forced to own,
Being held together by paste alone.
And should he squeeze, or start, or spring,
'Twould really be a dreadful thing,
For paper now is all the rage,
And nothing else will suit the age.

The ladies meet our stricken gaze
All pressed round like fresh boquets,
And thus attired they roam the streets,
Mere paper parcels filled with sweets.
But on them should a rain-drop fall,
To grief they'd come, aye, one and all;
For if their dresses once they splash,
There'd nought remain but *papier mache;*
For paper now is all the rage,
And nothing else will suit the age.

The children soon, we may suppose,
Will run about in paper clothes,
With sealing-wax each tear we'll bind,
Then give them *whacks* of different kind.
To keep them clean no soap we'll need,
For India rubber will do instead;
But pinafores, 'tis greatly feared,
Will at the corners get dog's-ear'd,
For paper now is all the rage,
And nothing else will suit the age.

In every shop one now espies
The "last new thing" in paper ties;
The coats of "best blue wove" are made,
But shirts, of course, are all "cream laid."
A paper hat should you desire,
Or paper socks, say half a quire,
Or "peg tops" of the best design,
You'll get them all in patterns fine.
For paper now is all the rage,
And nothing else will suit the age.

It's hard to say where this will stop,
Each tailor soon must shut up shop,
And every laundress, do not doubt,
Ere long will fairly be *washed out.*
For we shall see 'midst other rigs,
Old maids decked out with paper wigs,
Our ships unfurling paper sails,
And tom cats sporting paper tails—
Before the world has lost its rage
To celebrate the Paper Age!

HELEN COLEMAN. COMEDIENNE. For Biographical Sketch see another column.

IT'S THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

By the Author of "The Sin Phantom."

BOOK THE FIRST. A HEART'S WRECK.

CHAPTER I.

ONE NAME ON THE LIST OF THE DEAD.

Five and thirty years ago, when Lichley-on-the-Hill was as old fashioned and quaint a town as tourist or artist in search of the picturesque could wish to look upon, the thatched and gabled dwelling in the centre of its long, straggling street was owned by Matthew Proctor, saddle and harness maker. He was a hard working man—honest and independent to the core. He had thriven by steady industry; and he was proud of the fact that he could give his boy a fair start in the world, and lend a helping hand to a neighbor. The boy Willie was their only child. Willie was twelve years of age; and besides being one of the brightest scholars at the Lichfield school, he was already making rapid progress towards proficiency in his father's trade.

It was a happy little household, comprising the Proctors, a lady and her infant. Her name was Leslie, and her husband was away.

There was a mystery about her which the natives of Lichfield tried in vain to fathom. She was very young, and singularly beautiful. The good people of Lichfield—who, after the fashion of the world's inhabitants, were curious on all matters that did not concern them—wondered much how one whose high birth and delicate culture were evident could have been induced to link her fate with the spendthrift son of a ruined squire. The Leslies were the most eminent family in Lichfield, and in their time had been the richest: but improvidence was an hereditary trait, and so, as the old stock diminished, its resources dwindled down, till the last two of the race were left comparatively poor. Edward Leslie, the absent husband of the lady at the saddler's, had been educated for the Bar; but he was too thoroughly a Bohemian by instinct to give the necessary application to his studies. When he should have been reading hard, he was generally at the head of his associates, bent on some wild frolic, or rambling by himself through the green lanes and sunny spots of England.

It was whispered that he had taken to the stage, and joined a strolling company, and that his gallant figure and handsome face had won the love of her who became his bride. Certain it was, that after being away some eighteen months he returned to his native place, bringing Isabel with him. He was only in time to receive his father's blessing and see him die. The old man loved his son, in spite of the faults that had caused him much sorrow. After the squire's decease there came a settlement of affairs; and Edward, paying honorably every debt, found himself in possession of about two hundred pounds in cash and the old house, with its few acres of ground.

The money did not last long. He spent it with characteristic recklessness; and was one day brought face to face with the sober truth, that henceforth he must win bread for the gentle girl who was so dear to him and the sweet little babe nestling in its cot. Leslie did not hesitate. The occasion brought out the sterling qualities of a noble nature, and he sought for a congenial avocation. He was too sanguine and wayward ever to achieve success in his legitimate profession. He lacked the capacity to plod and work with patience; and he knew that the legal field was overflitted. He had a few friends, and in an hour of need they came to the rescue. They provided him with an outfit and a passage to Australia, where he hoped to find wider scope for his restless energy. His wife he would not suffer to share the perils of his voyage; so there came the bitterness of parting, and he sailed away, leaving with her what he took with him—a heart aching with its weight of sorrowful love.

On the far off shore, out in the regions where men were seeking gold, Edward Leslie toiled industriously for the sake of those at home. He had raised a mortgage on the house in which his father died. He would not part with the old place altogether; the memories of a sainted mother and a happy childhood made it dear to him. The money raised by mortgage he left with Isabel; and she, sinking her pride of birth in love for her husband and prudent care for her child's welfare, took up her residence with the Proctors.

The saddler's wife had been Leslie's nurse. She was one of a race now nearly extinct—a devoted, faithful servant. Isabel could not have been in better care. Dame Proctor's attachment to her young master extended to his wife, and the child was petted with even more than the usual solicitude that falls to the lot of infancy. Letters arrived from Leslie by every mail. Fortune favored him signally. Gifted with an athletic frame, a powerful constitution and an adventurous spirit, the wild way of life suited him. He could endure fatigue and hardship like a veteran.

When the fourth year from the time of his departure had nearly elapsed he began to talk of returning. He had succeeded beyond expectation, and was content with what wealth he had gained. He longed to be at home—to redeem the mortgage, and live a life of happiness in the old place with his wife and child. Time wore on, and there was gladness in the saddler's house. The ship Lapwing, laden with specie, merchandise and passengers, had sailed homeward bound from the far West; and one of its passengers was Edward Leslie. Tidings of the vessel were watched for eagerly; and every evening, when work was done, Willie Proctor was sent to the post office for a stamped edition of the *Times*, to which, since Leslie went away, the saddler had been a regular subscriber. All had gone well so far—the Lapwing had been spoken with and was shortly expected in.

So every eve the chief room in Proctor's dwelling was made to look its best, and the wistful beauty of Isabel's face was at the window, watching for the loved one. Her child, a princely little fellow, stood at her knee, talking of his papa and listening to his mother's voice. It had the sweetness of a bird-note when she sung and to the Proctors there was no such music as her blithe and simple ballads. They were the melodies familiar to home and heart; their echoes had haunted Leslie in many a blissful dream.

The saddler closed his shop at sunset during the summer days. Closing his shop was not a laborious or difficult task, since the shutters were constructed on a primitive method, that enabled them to be slid together in a groove; so, the shutters being close, and leaving nothing visible of the window save what could be seen through a chink and two round spectral holes, Matthew despatched Willie for the *Times*, and lit his pipe.

"It ought to be in by now," the saddler thought, listening with delight to Isabel's delicious warbling. "Somehow, the nearer the time comes, the more anxious and uneasy I get. '

He went to the door and stood looking after Willie. While so engaged, he was surprised by an unusual sight—a well appointed carriage, with a coronet on its panels and two splendid horses in the traces. Its single occupant was a lady. She wore a black crape veil that was impenetrable, and the heavy richness of her dress harmonised well with her proud and imperious bearing. Her gloved hand pulled the check string when the equipage was opposite the saddler's door, and she beckoned him to her.

"I want you to direct me to a saddler's," she said, fixing him with a pair of the most fiery, piercing eyes he had ever seen; "there is one, I think, in this vicinity."

Proctor's first thought was that an accident had happened to some part of the harness, and his handicraft was wanted. Her words undeceived him.

"The man's name is Proctor," she said.

"I am Mr. Proctor," he said, recovering the self-possession out of which her magnificent presence had awed him, "and I am a saddler."

The lady opened the carriage door and alighted. She placed her hand upon his wrist, and her glance seemed to search him as she said.

"You have a lodger—a Mrs. Leslie?"

"Mrs. Leslie is not a lodger, madam," he said sturdily; "she is our young master's wife; and we are only too proud that we are able to be of service to her."

"You should be very good then!" and her air of angry, contemptuous disdain was superb. "Conduct me to her room; I am her mother."

The saddler fell back directly. He had heard Isabel speak of a proud, haughty lady, whom she feared more than she loved, in spite of nature. The queenly woman swept by him; and there was majesty even in the soft crush of her costly robe, as it was compressed by the narrow doorway. Isabel and her boy were at the window when the carriage drew up. The young mother had her boy's curly head in her lap, and was singing to him.

The song ceased suddenly, and the singer went deadly pale. The glad light left her eyes, and the warm blood turned chill at her heart. And yet it was her mother on whom she gazed! Mrs. Proctor looked up from a piece of patchwork to see why Isabel was silent. The expression on the fair face startled her.

"It is my mother," said Isabel hoarsely, "the countess. Don't leave me, nurse."

Before Mrs. Proctor could reply, the veiled lady swept into the chamber, and at a little distance from the threshold she paused; her brilliant eye, flashing through the black crape, singled out the saddler's wife, and she said with haughty courtesy:

"Leave the room, my good woman; I would speak to this wretched girl alone."

There was no withstanding her commanding aspect; the ascendancy assumed by the patrician over the humble had its influence on Mrs. Proctor. She retired; and as she did so, ventured to say:

"Do not be angry with her, my lady; it will break her heart if you are."

The countess waved her jeweled hand imperiously; and Mrs. Proctor closed the door. Isabel's child, seeming to recognize an enemy in the strange lady, stepped before his parent and lifted his proud little head defiantly.

"You must not hurt my mamma," he said fearlessly; "papa is coming home to-night."

The Countess Bucanan laughed bitterly; she looked as though she could have struck the beautiful innocent face that met her own. She threw up her veil, and revealed a splendid countenance.

"After six years," she said with passionate, suppressed intensity, "I find the daughter of Earl Bucanan here, living with wretched *canaille.*"

"Mother! mother!" exclaimed Isabel appealingly, "don't speak so; you frighten me."

"If God had not punished you," the countess said, "I would leave you with a curse. You have made the past a time of bitter misery to me; but you must redeem it in the future. Do you remember my words, girl?"

"I have tried to forget them," and Isabel shuddered, "but I could not; they ring in my ears even here. But, mother, you would love my husband if you knew him."

"I should hate him as I have hated him; I should curse him as I have cursed him—the pauper vagabond who blighted the hopes of a noble family. Save your tears, girl; you will want them for him. Six years ago I said I would never look upon your face again while he lived. I have kept my word."

Isabel rose, and a stifled cry left her parted lips.

"Read this," the countess said, and flung a newspaper into her hands. "See how heaven has avenged me. The Lapwing was driven ashore in the storm; and his name is in the list of the drowned."

Isabel's wild scream of agony rang through the house, and she would have fallen to the floor had not Lady Bucanan caught her by the wrist; her grim intensity was so terrible that the young wife's despair was stilled in fear.

"Listen to me," the countess said. "You shall have time to weep by and by; but now I want you to hear what is to be done. Thanks to my forethought, the secret of your shameful wedding is unbown; you are supposed to have been staying with a relation abroad."

She paused to gather breath, and sinking back into her seat, clasped her boy Harold to her breast; her brain was swimming; the swiftness with which the appaling intelligence had come upon her drove her almost mad.

It was a fearful thing to realise—the death of him she had been expecting home; the only man she had ever loved—her husband; the father of her boy. She took the paper and read it mechanically, trying to battle with the crushing, miserable truth.

There it was. Total wreck of the Lapwing and loss of all on board. Not a soul lived to tell the tale. An open boat in which some few had endeavored to escape, had never been heard of from the time the ship went down. The poor girl trembled as she read, and then her plaintive glance asked pity and sympathy of her who should have given both. She met a countenance that made her shudder—it was so pitiless, so full of fierce joy.

"He is dead," the countess said, "and I can forgive you now. You must forget him, girl: think of him no more than as though he had never been."

"And he loved me so," murmured Isabel, brokenly, and not listening to her mother. "So brave! so gentle! and to die when he was coming home! Would that I too were dead!"

"The earl will receive you now," said Lady Bucanan; and her hard, cold voice made her hearer shiver. "We have arranged for your child, Isabel. Are you listening?"

Edward Leslie's wife pressed Harold's cheek to her own, and rocked herself to and fro in sorrowful helplessness.

"It will be a struggle to get the boy from her," thought Lady Bucanan; "but it shall be done. Hear me, Isabel. You have caused us suffering; and if your own punishment is bitter, it is deserved. You were your father's idol; you were mine. A splendid future was open before you, and you threw it aside, for what?—a mad infatuation for a strolling vagabond, a wretched player."

"He was my husband, and I loved him, mother."

"So you proved—forsaking home, parents and position to follow his fortunes—you, a Bucanan. Had I thought you would so have soiled our escutcheon, I would have strangled you in the cradle."

"Had you been kinder, mother—had you been gentler, I should never perhaps have left home; but you were always proud and stern. I would have loved you, but you would not let me."

The mother was touched. Her heart softened, but her purpose did not change.

"I wished to see you a Bucanan," she said, "as high in soul and pride as I was when I won the earl. You threw away a coronet, Isabel, and a title coveted by every woman in England."

"I did not love the marquis, mother—I could not."

"No love was wanted," sneered the countess. "We who wed for pride of place have to dispense with school girl phantasies. The Glendour diamonds alone are worth a million, and you might have worn them; nay, you shall wear them."

The dove-like eyes looked up in wonder.

"By to-morrow it will be known that Earl Bucanan's daughter has returned," the countess continued, "and next week I give a reception. The Marquis Glendour will be there."

"Would you drag me there when I shall be mourning for the dead?"

"If the dead came to deny me—" The haughty woman's pride approached impiety. "So now prepare to return with me. Leave the child."

"Mother," said Isabel wistfully, "I am almost broken-hearted as it is, and if you are not more merciful I shall die. Do forgive me, and leave me here. How can I return with you to act out a living falsehood, when my thoughts are with Edward in the sea?"

"I tell you, girl," the countess said huskily, "I have so set my soul upon the thing to be achieved, that if you dared to thwart me, my bitterest curse would light on your head. To see you Glendour's bride is the whole dream of my life, and I will not forego it."

"It seems so horrible," said Isabel, with her hand to her throbbing brow, "and my husband not yet dead three days!"

"Were it three hours, and Glendour would take you to the altar, you should go." The woman's ambition shut out every sense of feminine gentleness. "When he, the man you married, went away, I knelt and prayed that he might never return. My prayer was heard, Isabel. It was from the soul of a woman outraged by her only child. Now say farewell to yours—an eternal farewell."

"Not while I live," sobbed Isabel, clutching the little fellow tightly. "You might as well ask me to kill him as to part with him."

"Don't drive me to desperation, girl." The magnificent countess wore a dangerous aspect. "Leave him here till I return for him."

"Whither would you take him?"

"Out of your way—where he will remain unknown. I should be more content," she sighed gloomily, "if he were with his father."

Her bitter hatred of Leslie's offspring showed itself in the dusky fire of her gaze. A woman disappointed in love or ambition can be very merciless. Isabel was so stunned by the shock, that she could only offer a passive resistance; sense and life were leaving her, and she sat in a faint dull, stupor.

"Do wake up, mamma dear," he said, kissing her pallid lips; "you look so white, dear mamma; do speak to Harold."

The Countess Bucanan smiled grimly as she tore him from Isabel's arms; they were clinging tightly to him, and his to her; but the countess would have sundered them had it been a death embrace. Harold struggled with her and called his nurse; Mrs. Proctor, answering his cry, saw the strange scene.

"Attend to my daughter," said the countess, flinging a purse at Mrs. Proctor's feet—"that will pay you for any trouble I have given—and tell her I shall return to-night to take her home with me."

"Are you going to take Master Harold away, madam?" asked the dame timidly.

"Yes; this is no place for my grandson." And without condescending to reply further, the lady, who had closely veiled her face, again went to her carriage.

"You know the road to Lorton, Jerry?" she said to the driver.

"Yes, my lady."

"Drive there rapidly."

The man took the reins. The countess threw Harold on to the opposite seat, and he lay there stilled in dread, frightened by the fiend eyes that watched him through the thick black veil.

CHAPTER II.

THE FERRY AT OLD LORTON.

The distance from Lichley-on-the-Hill to Old Lorton was fifteen miles; and rapidly as the coachman drove his spirited pair, the pace was too slow for the fiery impatience of the woman in the carriage. The badness in her nature was unconquerable. Pride—the pride of rank and wealth—was a madness with her, and she had never forgiven Isabel for disappointing her so bitterly. One cause of her hatred to Leslie and his boy was an unnatural one—she herself, the haughty wife of Earl Bucanan, had conceived a passion for the handsome player. She kept it secret, but it was there, nevertheless, a fire burning her heart to waste. With such women of powerful temperament, and in the meridian of life, such infatuation is not rare; the countess married, and to a peer of England, would, had not her pride been stronger than her passion, have gladly sacrificed everything for love, defying the world, and caring nothing for its opinion.

Leslie, though he could not but be struck by the superbly developed beauty of the stately lady, who was rarely absent from her box while he played at the theatre in the town where Bucanan's seat was situated, dreamed only of the sweet girl by her side. Isabel was home from school then, and at the dangerous age of sixteen.

Her school was in the west of England and when she returned to it a singular chance sent Leslie to the same town. Then the romance began; there were stolen interviews over the garden wall, and finally a rash elopement and a private marriage. The countess was well nigh frantic when she heard of it. Her husband, a gentleman of kindly feeling, would willingly have forgiven the runaways, but he stood in awe of his wife's imperious temper, and dared say nothing, though he yearned for his daughter.

The story was carefully hushed up. A fictitious relative was invented for the occasion, and it was supposed Isabel was traveling with her. The countess managed the artifice with such consummate skill that even the school mistress and Isabel's fellow pupils were deceived. They thought she had tired of study and ran away home.

The Countess Mirabel Bucanan felt her passion for the actor turn to rancorous hate. She had arranged a splendid union for her daughter, having fixed upon the young Marquis Glendour, who was just coming of age. He had seen Isabel and formed a boyish attachment for her; it had a stronger basis than boyish attachments usually have, for it increased as he grew towards manhood.

A graceful, accomplished patrician; youthful, and faultless as a type of delicate, manly beauty, heir to a dukedom and a noble estate, he was a prize eagerly looked after by dowagers and *debutante;* but he thought only of Bucanan's fair daughter, and hoped for the time when her sojourn with the mysterious relative should end.

Meanwhile he was out on a yachting cruise with a few select college friends. The countess had arranged to give a reception in honor of his return. It would have been difficult to define her motive in doing this. Up to the time when she saw the account of the wreck there was an impassable barrier between the marquis and her daughter; yet she had never relinquished a latent hope that death in some shape would release Isabel. Her wish—the cruel, selfish wish that it might be so—made the faith.

Lady Mirabel was a woman of astounding energy; her purpose, once resolved upon, was followed throughout to the end. No sooner did she hear of the Lapwing's loss than she set off for Lichley-on-the-Hill; she had never lost sight of her discarded child. Her intention, her fixed, unalterable resolution, was taken in a moment. She rejoiced over the far-seeing care which had prompted her to keep the girlish marriage secret. Now the time was come when the presence of Isabel was indispensable to the facilitation of her ambitious scheme.

The boy Harold, the actor's detested offspring, she determined to place safely out of the way. It was a callous resolve; but her soul was steeled against all tenderness. No compunction, no single thought of pity, troubled her conscience; so unsexed was she by her desire to see her daughter wedded to Glendour, that rather than her grandchild should be an obstacle, she would have strangled him with her own hands.

"Leslie is dead," she muttered between her gleaming teeth: "my hatred has clung to him like a curse. It was not destined that he should stand in the way of Colin Glendour."

The boy had not spoken hitherto; a sense of dread oppressed him vaguely, but he was too young to comprehend a tangible peril; he could feel with a child's keen instinct that the strange veiled lady did not like him, or, being a confiding, affectionate little fellow, he would have nestled to her. But she had made his mamma weep, and torn him angrily from her arms; and during the long ride she spoke no word: her silence, and the crazy fire of her eyes burning through the crape, held him still, and for a time he scarcely dared to breath.

At last, however, a child's inherent curiosity overcame his fear, and he began to wonder on what had passed.

"Why did you make mamma cry?" he asked; "and why don't you like me?"

The fair infantile face, so like his father's, and the innocent simplicity of the question worsted her evil passions for an instant; she could not reply.

"Mamma never vexed you, did she?" he said, sitting upright by the aid of the embroidered window-strap. "Mamma is kind to everyone; and she sings me to sleep. Did you ever sing a little boy to sleep?"

The question struck right home. She had buried an infant son—the last child she had borne her husband—and it may have been that her hopes in the perpetuity of the Bucanans being destroyed by the death of her only son, made her cling with more than selfish tenacity to the idea of seeing her daughter nobly wedded; her bitterest thought was that the youngest representative of two ancient races was the son of a strolling player.

"I wish you would take me back to mamma," the child continued; "she does not like me to be away long; and papa is coming home to-night in a big ship that Mr. Proctor reads about when Willie brings the paper."

"Hush!" she said; for, thinking of her destination and her purpose, she could not bear to hear his voice.

The imperative word, and its accompanying gesture, quieted him for a few minutes; the ride fatigued him, and his curly head began to press heavily on the velvet cushions.

"I wish you would take me on your lap, please; mamma does, and so does nurse when I am tired."

No response came, but a nervous, remorseful thrill ran through her. The little fellow sighed wearily.

"I am so tired."

"This will haunt me," the countess thought. "I am not all adamant; and his words are torture."

"If you would take me home to-night, please, and come for me to-morrow," he pleaded, "I would try to love you. Do take me on your lap."

It was almost too much for her; but for a strong effort of will, the woman would have asserted itself, and she must have yielded; he was winning her back to gentleness. But he had begun too late. The carriage stopped at the entrance to a dark house, and the driver waited for instructions.

"This is Old Lorton that we have come through," he said, touching his hat.

The words recalled her intention in full force, and she said:—"Drive to the ferry."

The man drove on. When next he drew rein it was at the narrow gateway of a garden, at the end of which stood a dilapidated wooden house.

Beyond the house lay a sullen sheet of water—black, and without a ripple, under the night sky—in the distance, where the river's course ended, rolled the ocean.

"Wait," was the lady's laconic order, as she alighted, bearing Harold in her arms; and the man, marveling inwardly at the singularity of the entire journey and its incidents, watched her regal figure till it disappeared in the frowning shadows of the ferry house.

She knocked, and was admitted by a man whose garb was a rough mixture of a river waterman's and a common sailor's. He seemed to recognize her by the respect with which he bowed. It was a strange place for a lady to visit at such an hour.

"Is your wife within?" she asked.

"No, my lady," replied the ferryman, "but she will be shortly; she has gone to do a little marketing. There's only Lucy and me at home just now."

"So much the better. I have come to see you, Caleb Burke."

He opened the door of an apartment, and stood back to let her pass, and he glanced curiously at the child. The room Lady Mirabel entered was furnished with more taste and comfort than the appearance of the house's exterior would have led a stranger to expect.

A child, a little fair-haired girl, between three and four years of age, was sitting on a footstool playing with a heap of home-made toys. Some common prints and a box of paints were on the table, together with two or three small brushes and an improvised palett. The lady's advent had apparently disturbed the ferryman's occupation.

"I was painting a few scraps for Lucy," he said, with an awkward, apologetic cough, as if he felt half ashamed of being detected in a very harmless occupation.

"So I perceive. But put the children in another room, Caleb, I have much to say."

He went to do her bidding like one accustomed to obey. Harold already begun to manifest an interest in Lucy's toys, and wonder if such pretty little girls always lived in what he had stigmatized inwardly as a dirty wooden house. He was an aristocrat by instinct, and had an aristocrat's instinctive dislike to poverty.

"Come, my little gentleman," said Caleb, "you can play with Lucy in the next room, and you can smear away at these pictures." And he took them into an adjoining chamber.

"Caleb," said the Countess Mirabel when he re-entered, "when you were a servant in my father's house, I thought you a devoted, faithful fellow."

"Never more so than I am now, my lady," said the man; and he spoke with a strong provincial accent that lent a distinctive character to his speech.

Evidently the countess was dissatisfied with what she had seen. She had expected to find Burke as she remembered him—an uncouth, sullen man, with not much human kindness about him; in place of which she saw him the father of a pretty child, whose birth had brought to light all the better, gentler parts of his nature.

"I want that boy taken care of," she said in a low tone, and with clear, deliberate articulation. "I bring him here under very singular circumstances, Burke."

The ferryman was attentive. Ever and anon a smile broke over his rugged face as a laugh came from the children at play. In these moments Lady Mirabel's brow darkened.

"That child will cause me much misery," she continued; and the low tone took a stealthy, suggestive accent that meant evil; "every day of his life will be a shame and a bitterness to me."

Her delicately wrought lip and nostril quivered as if in pain. She was very keenly watching the effect of her words upon the north-countryman. Unconsciously to him, she was working upon his almost savage fidelity to a race his family had served for many generations.

"What's the boy done, my lady?" he asked. "He looks a nice handsome little fellow."

"He has come into the world, Caleb, and he could have done no greater evil. He is a curse, a stain upon the crest of the Bucanans. I want him kept out of the way, Caleb. It would be better if he were never seen by any stranger or resident in the vicinity. I will give you fifty pounds a year for the expense and trouble he will be."

"I don't want so much as that, my lady. He won't eat a great deal, and the wife won't mind the trouble, having one of her own. He seems an engaging little fellow, and she is sure to get fond of him. For the matter of that, so am I."

"It will be better if your wife does not get fond of him," said the Countess Mirabel, slowly; and the peculiar glitter of her eyes made Caleb's flesh creep. He had not always been so sensitive; but he had lived a quiet life of late, and his child's love had humanised him.

"It will be better if your wife does not get fond of him," said Lady Mirabel again; "for I may have to take him away, unless—unless anything should happen to him."

"Nothing is likely to happen to him here," said Caleb. "He will be well looked after, my lady, and kept out of the way. This is a very lonely place. Few people come except the ferry watermen, and they never see the inside of my house."

He was slow, because he was unwilling, to take her meaning. There was a dark story connected with the man's past career; but it was not the story of a premeditated crime, it was a rashness done in a moment of passion; but he would have suffered heavily had not Lady Mirabel exerted herself in his behalf.

"He will be company for Lucy," pursued the ferry man, "and the sort of company that will do her good. She is a little lady in her way."

The words revealed an assailable point. The countess attacked it cautiously.

"She is a very beautiful child, Caleb, and ought to be carefully reared."

Burke shook his head.

"I am no scholar, my lady, and my wife is not much better. It's a small chance of schooling Lucy gets."

"That's a pity—a great pity. An uneducated and pretty girl is open to much temptation."

She produced a dainty morocco pocket book, and laid ten five pound notes on the table.

"There is the first year's money, Caleb; and let me ask you not to make your wife a confidant. Do not mention my name, or that I have been—that is to say, unless you are compelled. Is she, or are you, master here?"

The question touched an evil chord. Caleb clenched his hand.

"She never tried that game on but once," he said, "and then I sickened her of it. There's no fear of her knowing much from me, my lady. She knows better than to ask or speak twice if I tell her not to."

"A wife should be obedient," said Mirabel, while she recoiled at the man's ruffianism, "especially in your class of life, where so much comfort depends upon a woman's temper. You will see me again before that fifty pounds is spent."

Caleb folded the notes and put them in his pocket. It was a larger sum than he had possessed for a long time. The countess rose to depart.

"What is his name?" asked Burke. "What shall I call him?"

"Whatever you please; it is quite immaterial. He has no name of his own. He had better have never been born, Caleb; and if he were to die I should thank heaven."

The sky had hitherto been bright and full of stars. Now t

began to darken, and the stars went in. Mirabel, looking upwards, said:

"There will be a storm."

"And very soon, my lady."

They stood at the door. The countess turned, and looked steadily into his eyes. Her hand, with the gleam of its whiteness and the glisten of its jewels, lay upon his arm.

"The boy walks in his sleep," she said, "and I should not be surprised to hear of something sad having befallen him. This is such a lonely place, and the river is so near."

She paused. Her slender hand pressed his muscles so forcibly that he winced, and she added—

"If he were to die, Caleb—if he were to die, I would give you a thousand pounds for the trouble of coming to tell me; so good night."

"Good night, my lady," he responded in an altered voice, and would have said more, but her stately form went down the low pathway, and she was gone, leaving her devilish suggestions to work in the ferryman's brain.

TO BE CONTINUED.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, JUNE 1, 1867.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

SUBSCRIPTION TO THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

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FRANK QUEEN, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,
No. 22 Spruce street, New York.

To Correspondents.

READER.—1. By the Scotia, in 8 days 21 hours, in December, 1863. 2. The steamship City of Baltimore, of the Inman Line, Capt. P. McGuigan, made the unprecedented run of 373½ knots in 23 hours 20 minutes actual running time, which with 11½ knots added for 40 minutes steaming makes a total of 385 knots in 24 hours actual steaming time, and this reduced to land miles makes 443¼ miles in one day's run, the weather being very squally, blowing a strong gale most of the time. This was on Dec. 14, 1866, going from New York towards Liverpool. For accomplishing this great feat Capt. McGuigan was presented with a Silver cup by W. D. Seymour & Son, agents of the line at Queenstown. 3. In our estimation, Joe Coburn.

MATT.—"At euchre, the dealer asks one of the players 'did you order me up?' to which he replies 'no;' the dealer proceeds to turn it down, when the player orders him up. Is that right?" .....Our opinion is that the dealer should have waited until the player had declared his intentions; or, in putting a question, he should have said—"What do you do?" The player, in reply to the dealer's question, answered that he had not ordered it up, but that was not saying that he did not intend to do so. We think the dealer was too hasty.

ANXIOUS.—"1. If one or two balls are called on the pitcher, can a player running the bases, if running when 'ball' is called, make the base? Or is he forced to return to the base he has just vacated, as in the case of a 'foul?' 2. Do you consider the best method of umpiring to be that of asking the striker where he will have the ball, and then enforcing sections 6 and 42?" .....1. He is not forced to return except in case of a foul ball or fly-catch. 2. Yes.

FRED. R., Washington, D. C.—1. It has. Couldn't say, as that is supposed to be a secret. 2. In your own city. 3. Collyer is the favorite. 4. If Ned wishes it, a challenge over his own name would have fetched it, we think. 5. Mace doesn't contemplate bringing any crowd—if he comes himself it will be a source of surprise—he has been coming for over two years.

OLD ZEKE.—1. They are considered first class. 2. We have no knowledge of any such race on the *tapis*. 3. Tom King has turned boa puller, as you must have perceived if you read the CLIPPER. 4. Heenan was born in West Troy. 5. The Staleybridge Infant weighed over 200lbs. 6. Paddock killed by the Staleybridge Infant? Where have you been all summer?

SLIM ELICK, Little Falls, N. Y.—At croquet the distance of the hoops apart is determined by the size of ground; that is to say, they should be separate one-tenth of the whole length. If the ground is fifty yards long, then they should be five yards; if six yards, six, and so on; at least so say the English authorities.

H. V AND FRIEND, Fort Riley, Kansas.—1. When Joe Coburn challenged Tom King it was right away after King's fight with Heenan—Joe only challenged King at that particular time. 2. Both Trustee and Lady Fulton have trotted twenty miles inside the hour in harness.

BROWN, Binghampton, N. Y.—1. 12 feet 5 inches, standing jump by Norman P. Bortle, is the best authenticated we have any record of. 2. No record of the best three standing jumps. 3. He vaulted from a spring board, the usual way of leaping over horses.

J. B. S., Buckeye Club.—The penalty lies in the hands of the umpire, who, if a batsman persists in such action, should call "time," explain the rule to him, and, if he then continues to infringe the rule, call the game and decide it null and void according to section 38.

G. F., Cincinnati, O.—Barney Frain was born in Kilkelly, Co. Mayo, Aug. 18, 1830; he defeated Jack Grady, on Long Island, and Tom Bradshaw at Little Falls. Previous to coming to this country he defeated Jim Riordan and Ned Grant.

FIRST BASEMAN.—Yes. A player running the bases is entitled to a base just so long as he fails to make the next; but having made the next, he is alone entitled to that base, except he is obliged to return on a foul or fly ball.

W. F. JAMIESON, Rutland, Vt.—If two balls have been called, and the striker hit at the third ball called, he makes his base and cannot be put out even if the ball be hit and caught. If no ball is called, and he strikes at it, of course the strike counts.

HOOSIER.—A junior club is one not attached to any State Association or the National Association. Age does not debar young players from senior clubs or young men from junior organizations.

CURIOSITY.—1. The Excelsior, of Brooklyn. 2. He was ruptured in hitting violently at a leg ball in a cricket match, and, playing in a game before he knew his danger, died two days afterwards.

NOVICE, Washington.—1. The lady is about 38 years of age. 2. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" has enjoyed the longest run. It commenced July 18, 1853, at the Chatham, in this city, and played until April 17, 1854.

J. L. D., Washington.—Mr. Fitzsimmons must play the game, or he loses the money. Having issued the challenge he must play within a reasonable time. It is a paltry catch on his part, and if he refuses to name a day, you are entitled to the money.

LITTLE SPORT, Allegheny City, Pa.—1. We know nothing of the parties except from their advertisement. 2. We have no record of mile time with single sculls either in this or the old country.

F. & Co., Mound City, Ill.—Yachts have been limited to a certain amount of canvas—have sailed by tonnage under certain number of feet on water line. Alterations are made nearly every year.

C. W., Brooklyn.—Charles Collins is the Cast Iron Man, and not sam Collyer, although of the two the little woulu be the most appropriate to apply to Collyer.

W. D. H., Montgomery, Pa.—The college of William and Mary is in Williamsburg, Va. By writing the President he will answer your other question.

S. B. B., Madsin.—1. We can not inform you where he is. 2. They are not hollow, but solid iron, and weigh from twenty to thirty pounds.

WAGER.—To the best of our knowlege it has never been played at the Museum. However, it is public property, and any actress can play it that wishes.

MANY READERS, Nashville.—About six years ago it was as popular a role of her's as Fanchon is now. She has not played it of late years.

ZACHARIAH.—Your clever little bit did not reach us in time for last week's issue, and it would not read so well this week, since the "subject" has left us.

KESO.—You would do well to read the rules of the game, for judging from your queries you are ignorant of them. No to all your questions.

PETER GOLDES, Nunda, N. Y.—1. No. The player is to send the ball to pitcher first, whether he be in his position or not. 2. No, only in case of a fly-catch.

PITCHER.—If they accepted your challenge on the condition you state, they have no right to play the man you refer to, even if he was merely a substitute.

BOMBER DREW.—The Lowells, we believe, are the strongest. Lovett rates the highest. Harris, late of the Mutuals, is a good pitcher and a fair and square man.

M. P.—Jack Jones was beaten by Mike Madden, and died the next day from the effects of the punishment received, December 12, 1856.

C. C. M., Mowequa, Ill.—At cribbage, two points are all that can be counted for "thirty-one" under any circumstances. Last card don't count when thirty-one are made.

D. W. C. R., Richmond.—W. C. Wemyss, of No. 575 Broadway, N. Y., is a veritable live human, and doeth business on the above premises all on the square, we believe.

S. H. S., Memphis.—1. The regular rules of trotting govern a ten mile race. 2. There are only two vols. of Frank Forrester on the Horse published.

H. R., Oil City, Pa.—W. E. Harding's three miles in 13 minutes 39½ seconds, at Paterson, running against Brady, is credited as being the best three mile time on record.

HAWLEY.—1. Mr. F. is an eccentric comedian and Mr. C. a juvenile actor. 2. Miss Bateman married a gentleman named Crow.

T. W. H., New Orleans, La.—1. Jim Frawley's fighting weight is 128lbs. 2. Cannot say—Jimmy will inform you if you ask him.

AMATEUR.—Call on R. B. Kent, 202 Broadway, and he will give you all the necessary information.

ESQUIRER, Troy, N. Y.—We have not published either portraits or biographies of the ladies you mention. We may in time.

DEMOSTHENES.—From fifty to sixty dollars a week in a first class theatre.

C. E. G., Hartford.—We do not know of any one in your city that teaches the art. You could not learn by written instructions.

E. B., Wheeling.—1. You will find the route of the circus in our circus summary. 2. James Robinson is in Paris.

CONSTANT READER, Boston.—You can obtain them of any trunk manufacturer in your city.

C. H. K.—He is traveling. A letter sent to this office will reach him.

NEW SUBSCRIBER, Boston.—We gave a sketch of the lady about five years ago.

AN AMATEUR.—We have none for sale. We have been told that copies may be procured at Brady's establishment.

JOHN C., Laurel, Md.—Heenan weighed 178lbs. when he fought Sayers, and 196lbs. on the day he met Tom King.

S. S. P., Pittsburgh, Pa.—Kelley's best time in a championship match was 23min. 33secs., but it was not five miles.

A. AND B., Dayton.—Gen. Slocum ran for Secretary of State in 1865.

CROOKITE, Washington.—We know nothing about Mr. McDonough's movements so far ahead.

H. H., Bryan, Ohio.—Write to Mr. R. B. Kent, 202 Bowery, this city, and he will give you all the necessary information.

T. J. J., Pittsburgh, Pa.—Kelly was born February 11, 1832—Chambers on June 14, 1831.

J. F. C.—Our correspondents' column is for useful questions, not to answer mere questions of curiosity.

E. H. L., Maine.—We sit corrected—Coburn is 5 feet 9 inches in his stocking feet.

C. K., Washington, D. C.—We have none for sale. Write to Brady, Broadway and Tenth street.

J. R. C., Jacksonville.—We know of nothing that will remove such marks. We doubt if they can be removed.

FRED., Chicago.—Your items will be acceptable. Make 'em short and spicy.

J. H. FURMAN, Tomasta, Pa.—Our terms are $1.25 for three months.

BULL RUN.—Denis Ready was born in Ireland, but the exact place we cannot inform you until our next issue.

CROCK. ETC., Philadelphia.—1. There is no game out. 2. Young Bendigo is dead.

READER, Brooklyn.—Cannot give you any information concerning the lady.

AQUATIC, Boston.—We regret being unable to give you the rules of a punt or dory chase.

M. J. M.—Horace Greeley was born in New Hampshire.

J. PARE, Hunnewell Furnace, Ky.—Can send you a copy for $3.

R. H. D.—Billy Birch, Dan Bryant, Eph Horn and Frank Moran.

DIXIE, Chicago, Ill.—Cricket and wicket are two different games.

A. M. S.—We have no time to answer correspondents by mail.

C. P.—She is the wife of W. B. Cavanagh, author.

JAP.—They are translations from German's plays.

C. W.—We cannot furnish you with the number you want.

R. W. BURN, La Crosse.—Books sent by mail.

DEN MARLOW, Burlington, Ia.—"All right."

J.—Yes, to all your queries.

J. M. MATHER.—Sent your books by mail.

J. C., Boston.—They will not visit Boston this year.

REPUBLIC.—See answer to "Pitcher."

ED. RUSSELL.—We have a California letter for you.

BARNEY AARON.—A letter for you.

S. D. KEHOE.—Another for you.

JIM FRAWLEY.—One for you.

BROPHY, Boston.—It is a misdeal.

JOHNNY LAFFERTY.—Send for a letter for you at this office.

JOHN C. HEENAN.—Where are you now? A letter awaits you.

MARCELLUS BAKER.—Where shall we send your letter?

J. N., Boston.—Hyer and Sullivan fought but sixteen rounds.

MALONE.—He is not the same Baker.

A. B.—They should be worth the cost price, at least.

P. GILLEN, Philadelphia.—A deposit might bring you a customer.

"WASH."—May be you had better keep your money.

THE LATE SCULLING MATCH.

We devote considerable space in this issue of the CLIPPER to a report of the recent championship sculling match between Walter Brown and James Hamill. The race, it appears, terminated in what some would call an unsatisfactory manner, although the winners do not look upon it in that light. The principals in the match charge each other with foul play, and each claims the stakes in consequence. A meeting of the judges and referee was subsequently held, at which evidence was adduced on both sides, each party endeavoring to fasten the blame upon the other. The referee writes to us, and says that after a careful consideration of the testimony, he decides that Walter Brown is entitled to the stakes. Hamill's friends take exception to this decision, and call on us not to give up the stakes. Of course this was done on the impulse of the moment, for they very well know that we have no voice in the matter—we have but to obey the instructions of the referee (as there can be no appeal from his decision), and hand the stakes over to that man whom the referee decides to be entitled to them. It is to be regretted that anything should have occurred to mar the interest attached to a contest of this kind, for these wrangles are only calculated to injure the progress of sporting matters in this country. Our impression is, that there were faults on both sides, and such being the case, the referee might have given more general satisfaction by ordering the men to pull the race over again, with certain restrictions to guard against fouling, which might have been prevented by each man turning a separate stake boat. If the referee has erred in his judgment, he has no doubt erred innocently, for the press of Pittsburgh declare that he is an honest, responsible man, who is held in high esteem in that city. Brown and Hamill had an equal voice in his selection, and the defeated man should not cavil at his decision. To say that the result of the race has surprised us is but true; the slow time made is also surprising. This fact would seem to bear out the allegation that the race was rowed in a zigzag course instead of a straight line. For particulars of the race, the reader is referred to the report elsewhere.

P. S.—Since writing the above we have received the sworn statements of William Rees and John Long, of the McKee boat club, and part of the crew of Brown's guide boat; Henry Best, who was in the buoy boat; John C. Fisher, Captain J. R Neeld, and John W. McKee, from which no other conclusion can be arrived at than that Walter Brown behaved in a most unfair and unsportsmanlike manner in the late race with James Hamill; and as said testimony is from those who were said to be anxious for Brown to win, we fail to see on what grounds the referee gave the victory to Brown; for, granted that it is proven that Hamill did foul Brown, it is equally evident that Brown was guilty of the same fault, and actually courted the fouling. We say this without desiring to impute partiality to the referee, since he bears the character of being an honorable gentleman, but we do believe that his decision was rendered under mistaken ideas in regard to the rules of boat racing, for with so much conflicting evidence we think, as before remarked, that he ought to have ordered them to row over again. Notwithstanding the opinion above expressed, however, we, as stakeholder, can only abide by the fiat of the referee, which is and ought to be as unalterable as the laws of the Medes and Persians, and must therefore fulfil our bounden duty by giving up the money to Brown, which we know James Hamill is sportsman enough to understand, and too honorable to interpose an objection, as is evidenced by the following letter and challenge:

PITTSBURGH, May 25th, 1867.

FRANK QUEEN, ESQ., EDITOR OF NEW YORK CLIPPER—*Sir:* I send you, according to promise, the sworn statements of the men who rowed in Brown's pilot boat, and after reading I think you will come to the conclusion that the referee's decision was not in accordance with the rules that govern boat racing. As far as I am concerned I do not care about the purse, and would not throw any obstacle in your way as stakeholder, but I wish you to give your opinion of the referee's decision in your next week's CLIPPER; and to show the community that I consider I have the ability to defeat Mr. Brown in a fair and square five mile race, I will row him that distance over the Schuykill course at Philadelphia, on the Harlem River, as may be agreed on, or Charles River course at Boston, and shall not ask anything for expenses to go to either place. The race to be for two thousand dollars a side. Hoping that you will do me justice in your paper, I will sign myself, as heretofore,

JAMES HAMILL, Champion until defeated fairly.

[Under the circumstances, and considering Brown's good fortune in the late race, and the above liberal offer, there is nothing left for Brown to do as an honorable man but to take up the above challenge without qualification or evasion.—ED. CLIP.]

JEROME PARK RACES.—Either insufficient notice, a scarcity of sport in the programme offered, or a scarcity of money in the pockets of the people, prevented a very large gathering on the opening days of the recent meeting at Jerome Park, and while there was a fair sprinkling of ladies in gay equipages in the grand stand, etc., there was not the same fine display we witnessed there last year. If it is the intention to give an air of exclusiveness to the Jerome Park races, the managers are adopting the proper course. If, on the other hand, it is desirable to popularize the sport of horse racing, a more liberal and less exacting spirit must be exhibited.

"THE RECTOR'S WIFE."—We think that everybody will like the "Rector's Wife, or the Valley of a Hundred Fires." It is a good story, well told, and calculated to please the domestic circle and all true lovers. It is a large volume, but full of interest from beginning to end. Peterson Brothers, Philadelphia, are the publishers, and the American News Company are their agents.

The same firm have also just published "Aunt Margaret's Trouble," in pamphlet form. It is one of the best stories of the kind we have ever perused. The daughter of Charles Dickens is credited with its authorship. It is a cheap 25 cents' worth of most excellent reading.

SAFE BIND, safe find, does not always hold good. Of thirty-five safes opened in Portland since the great fire, only five are said to have their contents uninjured. Can these "fire proofs" be called a safe investment?

STRIKE WHILE THE IRON'S HOT.—Journeymen horse shoers have put their feet down and struck for higher wages. "Our Jim" thinks they have never had anything else but hire wages.

NOT RIGHT.—Some of the house carpenters engaged in the recent strike complain that their employers are now gouging and chiseling them. We foresaw this long ago.

CHALLENGE TO BAKERS.—George Trust, a member of the flour and yeast brigade, who prides himself upon his ability to beat the world in the art of bread moulding and twist making, sends us a communication, in which he takes exception to the reports regarding a recent trial of skill between himself and John C. Townsend, asserting that the same are false in every particular. Subjoined is his version of the late contest, together with his challenge to any baker in the country:—

"The trial alluded to between Mr. Townsend and myself took place on the night of May 16th, at Wm. Stanton's bakery. The task was to see which could mould the fastest and make the most twists in one hour's time. We had two hundred and fifty pair of loaves to mould between us. We commenced together, and at the end of the allotted period it was found that I had moulded one hundred and sixty pair, thus beating him ninety. Next commenced the twists, each one of which consisted of ten separate parts. He began and made in one hour forty eight. My time then came and when time was called it was found that I had made fifty nine, which number has never, to my knowledge, been beaten. McQuill in 1841 made fifty-two, which was the fastest time on record. My friends will now judge for themselves as to my abilities in the art of moulding and twist making. I now challenge the bakers of New York to compete with me for $1,000 a side and the Championship of America. Until I am beaten I shall sign myself, as my various contests entitle me to,

GEORGE TRUST, Champion Baker of America.

P. S.—If those who dispute my claims to the Championship will make it known through the columns of the CLIPPER, I am ready to give them a trial according to the above terms."

CROWDED OUT.—Considerable foreign P. R. news and other matter is unavoidably crowded out this week.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

MISS HELEN COLEMAN.

This aspirant for histrionic honors was born at Portsmouth, Va., April 8, 1843. She is the only one of the family on the stage. At an early age she evinced a strong predilection for the stage, and after going through a careful training under the tuition of some old stagers, made her *debut* in her own State. Meeting with much encouragement at her initial performance, she determined to adopt the stage as a profession, and for several seasons was an especial favorite at the principal theatres in the South. At the breaking out of the rebellion she retired from the stage and did not appear again until she removed to this city, when she made her re-appearance before the footlights at the Broadway Theatre, August 20, 1865, as Marian de Lorme, in "Richelieu," to James Starke's Richelieu. She remained in this city during the best part of the season, and then went to Cincinnati, Ohio, where she was engaged at the National Theatre, and in a very short time was an especial favorite with the *habitues* of that establishment. When "Cherry and Fair Star" was produced, Miss Coleman appeared to great advantage as Fair Star. Being possessed of youth and a handsome *personnel*, she made a hit, and was *the* star of the piece. During the engagement of John E. Owens she appeared almost every evening. A Cincinnati paper says of this lady: "Miss Helen Coleman is a young lady of great personal attraction, to which is added a much more than ordinary share of dramatic genius; and while her industry has been sufficiently apparent in the perfect manner in which she has studied her multitudinous characters, her delineations are remarkable for warmth, feeling, and that natural tone and coloring that denotes the genuine and impassioned student. Too often it is the misfortune of merit to be overlooked, simply because it is of the stock; but genius combined with a much more than ordinary share of personal attraction, must, with perseverance, win a way to fame, especially as in the case of Miss Coleman, when the grace of education is added." Miss Coleman has just had an original three act comic drama expressly written for her by Mr. Fred. G. Maeder, of "Shamus O'Brien" celebrity. It bears the expressive title of "Priscilla Shingle; or, Solon's Twin Sister," and abounds, it is said, in local incidents and strong effective situations of comedy and pathos. Priscilla is as eccentric as Solon, with new and ludicrous sayings—a Connecticut old country woman, who visits New York, and goes to the Museum, Coney Island, and other localities well known. The bathing scene at Coney Island is a strong sensation scene, and can, by its mechanical contrivances, be made as exciting as the race scene in "Flying Scut." The character is said to be peculiarly adapted to Miss Coleman, and ere long we may expect to hear Priscilla's cant sayings as popular as her brother Solon's apple sarse case remarks. Miss Coleman intends going on a starring tour next season, and is getting a number of new pieces for that purpose.

PEDESTRIANISM.

PEDESTRIANISM IN CANADA.

HARDING AND BOONEY THE WINNERS.

The birthday of good Queen Vic was celebrated by the sport loving Canucks of Aurelia, C. W., and the regions round about by a grand pedestrian meeting at the Manilla grounds. The inducements offered by the proprietors of these grounds, in the way of valuable prizes, had the effect of bringing together all the first class peds of the Province, including De Kelso, the wonder; Hank Patton, George Monroe and J. Wilde, together with those fleet footed sons of Uncle Sam, W. E. Harding, of New York; J. Rooney, of Brooklyn, and J. Radford, of Albany. The concourse of spectators numbered fully two thousand. All the competitors were obliged to appear in costume.

The first event on the programme was a two mile race, $15 entrance, for $25, and there were sixteen competitors started. De Kelso, the favorite, got off first, Harding, Pattison, Rooney, Waldron, Golder, Johnson, Monroe, Wilde, etc., following in the order named. Passing the quarter pole they were bunched, but directly after De Kelso and Harding drew away and passed the mile post breast and breast in 4:29, Rooney close up and the balance straggling. Harding now put on a spurt, and, dashing to the fore, passed the quarter several feet in advance. This advantage he maintained until the second half mile was completed, the other positions remaining unchanged; but here De Kelso increased the pace and rushed past the New York boy, but he maintained the vantage only momentarily, for Harding, urged on by the shouts of his backers, put in another magnificent spurt, and going by his opponent like a flash, crossed the score a winner in 4:30. De Kelso and Rooney second and third, in 4:31 and 4:34, respectively. A great deal of money changed hands on the result, as De Kelso was backed heavily at odds, although C. H. Daniels and Mr. Wilcox, Harding's backer and trainer, were willing to do a little that way themselves at 6 to 4. Sanders' band struck up "Yankee Doodle" and "See, the Conquering Hero Comes," in honor of the winner, and "God Save the Queen."

The next event was a one mile race for £15. Harding was entered for this race, but as he was down for another two miler and didn't wish to overtax himself, he did not start. It was pulled off by Tom Black beating Rooney four feet. Next came a one hundred yards race for £15, which was won by Ike Rooney in 11½ seconds. A two hundred yards spin followed, which was won by Wm. Brandon in 24 seconds.

Now came the main feature of the meeting, a two mile race for Landlord's Purse of $200, to be run for by those holding first, second and third place in the first race. There was a deal of speculation at odds of 7 and 6 to 4 on De Kelso. Ike jumped away in the van and kept there up to the half mile post, at which point the favorite went by him, but ere many yards had been traversed he was in turn left in the lurch by Harding, who made the first mile in 4:24, De Kelso following in 4:24½, Rooney distanced. The struggle now became fiercer than ever, first one and then the other showing a few inches in the lead. They came up the homestretch locked, and crossed the score breast and breast in 4:24¾. Harding insisted upon running the race over, and after half an hour had been cut to waste in chin music they came to the scratch again. Harding got off with a slight lead, and won the first mile in 4:24¼; De Kelso half a second later. H. was a long way ahead at the third half mile, and it was thought a surething for him, but De Kelso showed a fine burst of speed on the homestretch, and succeeded in covering all but two feet of the distance at the conclusion of the last mile, but for some reason the judges decided the race a draw. We understand negotiations are pending for a three mile race for $1,000 between these men.

SEVENTY-FIVE YARD SPURT AT WINDSOR, C. W.—On Tuesday afternoon, May 21st., there was a keenly contested foot race in Windsor for $50 a side. The distance was seventy five yards. The match was between Mr. Richardson, of Windsor, and a Detroit man named Drake—Jim Colbert acting as referee. After a number of false starts they managed to get off together, and ran very evenly for the whole distance, Richardson winning by about five feet. It is said to have been done in 7¼ seconds. The race caused some little excitement, but beyond a brisk set-to between a couple of bootblacks, in which a Freedman's Bureau representative came out second best, there were no misunderstandings. Richardson, a correspondent informs us, is matched to run Drake again in three weeks, seventy-five yards, for $200 a side. A hot race is expected as they are both considered as fast as they make 'em at that distance.

THE MILLS AND WOLFE WALKING MATCH.—The Ocean Race Course, near San Francisco, Cal., writes a correspondent, was not overcrowded on the 20th of April, the day set apart for the 2 mile walking match between young Mills and Charles Wolfe, (the Flying Baker), but the men walked nevertheless. Mills came out ahead in the first mile in 7:45, but the second mile, walked in 10 minutes, found them side by side. A second match was to follow on the strength of the "draw."

AQUATICS.

Book of American Pastimes, Containing a History of the principal YACHTING, ROWING, BASE BALL and CRICKET CLUBS of the United States, by CHARLES A. PEVERELLY, who has been a reporter of Out-Door Sports for New York journals for many years. One handsome 12mo volume, 560 pages, with engraved title page and illustrations. Price, $2.50. For sale at the office of the NEW YORK LEADER, No. 11 Frankfort st. Sent by mail, post paid, on receipt of price. 8-1t*

PROPOSED NATIONAL AMATEUR REGATTA.

Benjamin F. Brady, President of the Hudson Rowing Association, which organization numbers among its members about three hundred amateur boat pullers, has it in contemplation to institute proceedings for a grand national regatta, to be given under the auspices and patronage of a committee representing about one hundred of the most prominent and influential residents of the city, the races to be open to the whole country and to gentlemen amateurs only, members of a regularly organized rowing club, and to take place on the Hudson River, off Hoboken, in September next, the winning boat of each class to be entitled to the championship of the United States. Should this design be carried out, the forthcoming Exposition regattas—from taking part in which we were debarred by the class of boats used and the meagre distance to be rowed—will not be a circumstance to the proposed aquatic celebration on the noble Hudson, either in interest or the character of the sport with which it will be prolific. Funds to the amount of $3,000 or $4,000 will be requisite for prizes, printing, securing barges for the accommodation of the large number of spectators which such an affair would attract, and other incidental expenses, which sum it is proposed to raise by subscription, and we earnestly hope that our monied men will cheerfully contribute to so worthy an object. We are gratified to be able to state that such an affair is under consideration, but we think that it would be advisable to include races open to professionals also, which, by bringing together the best crews and oarsmen in the country, would greatly augment the interest manifested in the regatta. Let the projectors think over the suggestion.

OPENING DAY OF THE BOATING SEASON.—The Hudson River Amateur Boating Association, of which Benjamin F. Brady is commander, have their opening day on Wednesday, May 29th. The several crews are ordered to assemble off the New York Yacht Club house, Elysian Fields, at one o'clock P. M., and will pull up the river as far as Fort Lee. It is calculated that there will be about twenty shell boats manned at the rendezvous.

LAUNCH OF A NEW YACHT.—A new and beautiful yacht, called the Flying Scud, was launched from the ship yard, foot of Thirteenth street, Brooklyn, E. D., at noon on the 23d May, in presence of a large number of ladies and gentlemen. Her dimensions are as follows:—37 tons burden, 14 feet beam, 4½ feet depth or hold, 56 feet keel, and length over all, 61 feet. The material used in her construction is of the best quality, consisting principally of white oak, with locust top timbers and Southern pine ceiling. The planking is of white oak, square fastened, with locust treenails and galvanized fastenings. She has hollow water lines, and gives promise of great speed. The trial trip was expected to take place some time during the present week, sailing around the lightship and return. She was constructed by E. Young, and will be captained by his son, W. J. Young, who, together with that Brooklyn notable, Hunky Dory Tyler, superintended the work of launching.

ROWING CHALLENGE FROM ELLIS WARD.—This promising young oarsman, brother to Josh, is anxious to try himself this summer, as will be seen by his card below:—

CORNWALL LANDING, Orange Co., May 20th, 1867.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW YORK CLIPPER:—I am open to row any man in the country under 21 years of age for $100 or $200 a side, in single shell boats, on or about the 1st of June, a three or five mile race, at some place on the Hudson River, between Yonkers and Poughkeepsie.

I will also agree to find a man, and be prepared to row any two men in the country (no one to be over 21 years of age), a double sculling match in 17 foot working boats, two, three, or five miles, for $200 a side, in three weeks from staking the first deposit. Any one accepting the same can do so through the columns of the New York CLIPPER. Yours, etc., ELLIS WARD.

REGATTA OF THE SCHUYLKILL NAVY AT PHILADELPHIA.—On the 8th, 12th and 15th of June the annual regatta of the Schuylkill Navy will take place. On the 8th of June, at 5 o'clock P. M., the regatta will be inaugurated by a contest between the following first class boats: Wink, 4 oars, Undine Club; Hesperus, 4 oars, University Club; Bachelor, 6 oars, Bachelor Club. At a quarter of six o'clock another race will occur between the third class boats: Iris, 6 oars, Philadelphia Club; Thistle, 6 oars, Quaker City Club; Vesper, 6 oars, Washington Club; Minnehaha, 6 oars, Malta Club; Ione, 6 oars, Ione Club. June 12th the regatta will be continued between the four-oared gunnel barges Undine, of the Undine Club, and the Stranger, of the Pennsylvania Club. This will be followed by a race between the double scull boats Gazelle, of Bachelor Club; Bertha, of Quaker City Club; Viola, of Pennsylvania Club; Fawn, of Undine Club; Malta, of Malta Club. On the 15th day of June the Atalanta Club, of New York, will be present with their eight-oared shell, and the Zephyr and Undine Clubs, of Baltimore, will also be represented. The races will commence at 4½ o'clock, P. M., between single scull or skeleton boats. At 5 o'clock the race of the season will come off between the six-oared boats, Atalanta, of the Undine Club; Hiawatha, of the Malta Club; Keagh-a-baNagh, of the Philadelphia Club. The regatta will terminate with a race between the four-oared outrigger barges Lotus, of Bachelor Club; Cygnet, of Quaker City; Onward, of Neptune Club. The prizes contested for will be the first, second and third class champion flags, the United States flag, the special flag, the champion belt, and the Navy silver goblet.

THE YALE REGATTA.—The annual spring races of the Yale Navy took place on the afternoon of the 22d May, at New Haven. The programme embraced a gig and a shell race, distance three miles, three crews entering for each contest, from the Glyuna, Undine, and Varuna Clubs respectively. In the gig race the Glyuna boat fouled that of the Verunas and was ruled out, the latter winning the event in 20:17. The Varunas were also successful in the shell race; time 18:07. A large and enthusiastic assemblage of citizens and students were in attendance.

THE TURF.

The Passaic County
AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY
will hold their
REGULAR SPRING MEETING
AT PATERSON, N. J.,
ON THE 4TH, 5TH AND 6TH OF JUNE, 1867.

No postponement on account of the weather, and no deduction for a walk over.

The following Sweepstake Premiums and Premiums will be run for:—

FIRST DAY, TUESDAY, JUNE 4TH.

THE UNDERWOOD GIFT, $300, for all ages; mile heats.

SAME DAY.—THE DERBY, a Sweepstake Premium of $1,000, for three year olds; $50 entrance, play or pay; one and a half mile dash. Closed with thirty-three entries.

N. B.—All contracts depending on this race are play or pay, unless specified to the contrary.

SAME DAY.—Premium of $500, for all ages; two mile heats. In connection with this premium there will be an Inside Stake, $200 entrance, half forfeit, three or more to fill. To name and close May 1st, 1867.

SECOND DAY, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 5TH.

Steeple Chase, a Handicap, for all ages, of $750; about three miles, two of which will be over a fair "hunting country," with twenty-seven jumps; entrance money, 5 per cent., to go to second horse.

Entries to be made to the Secretary on or before May 18th, prox., stating pedigree, age and colors. Weights declared Monday, June 3d.

SAME DAY.—Premium of $200, for all ages; one mile dash; entrance money to go to second horse.

SAME DAY.—Premium of $500, for all ages; three mile dash; entrance money to go to second horse.

SAME DAY.—Selling Race of $300, for all ages; one and a quarter mile dash; entrance money to go to second horse.

THIRD DAY, THURSDAY, JUNE 6TH.

Hurdle Race, Handicap, for all ages, $400, $100 to second horse; two miles, over eight hurdles.

SAME DAY.—The Sequel Stakes, a Sweepstake Premium of $300, for three year olds; $100 entrance, half forfeit; two mile dash; four or more to fill. To name and close May 1st, 1867. The winner of the Derby to carry 5lb extra.

SAME DAY.—Premium of $700, for all ages; three mile heats, with an Inside Stake of $300 entrance, half forfeit; the other conditions same as for Inside Stake on first day.

SAME DAY.—The Consolation Premium of $300, for all ages; one and a quarter mile dash; entrance money to go to second horse.

The Fall Meeting will commence on the second Tuesday in October, the 9th.

R. B. CHISWELL, Secretary,
8- 111 Main street, Paterson, N. J.

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THE JEROME PARK SPRING MEETING.

FIRST DAY'S RACING.

The American Jockey Club held their first spring race meeting at Jerome Park, near Fordham, during the past week. The first day was announced for Wednesday, May 22d, but the weather was so unpropitious, the rain falling heavily and incessantly throughout the forenoon, that a postponement of the sport until the next fine day was rendered indispensable. The following morning (Thursday) broke bright and clear; the sun came out in all his cheering brilliancy; the air was warm and pleasant and nature seemed to smile upon the meeting. The three different routes to the course, via the drive through Central Park and McComb's Dam; the Harlem railroad, which ran special trains to the track, and the Third avenue and Harlem and Fordham horse cars, were all well patronised. We found the course in wonderfully good condition after the heavy rains of the previous days, and although somewhat heavy in places, still the going was not to be complained of. The attendance was fair, fully five thousand persons being present, and the gay appearance of the grand stand, the elegant club house on the opposite eminence, and the exquisitely tasteful toilettes of the ladies who occupied the members' stand, all combined to render the scene exceedingly beautiful.

The first race was the Spring Stakes for three year olds, a dash of three quarters of a mile. For this there were eight entries, viz: Hampton Court, Maid of Honor, Annie Workman, Ruthless, Monday, Clara Clarita, Morrissey and Metairie. Annie Workman was disqualified by the death of her nominator and owner, Denis Ready, and Clara Clarita did not start. There was great interest felt in this race, there being a general anxiety to see if Ruthless still possessed that great turn of speed as a three year old which made her the best two year old out last season. She is in the Derby, and her running in this race would naturally and materially influence her position in the betting in that great race. Her most formidable opponent was looked upon as Metairie, a Star Davis colt, out of a Voucher mare, brought from the South, and heavily engaged in all the three year old stakes. He had shown by his running at New Orleans that he possessed great speed, and it was thought that if the filly was not so good as represented, Metairie would be the winner. Maid of Honor and Morrissey had many friends, but Hampton Court was entirely neglected. In the pools Ruthless was a warm favorite, selling in one for $325; Metairie $125; Morrissey $55; Maid of Honor $30, and Hampton Court $10. The favorite soon took the lead, made her own running, with Metairie second, and won "hands down" by half a dozen lengths in 1:21. A good race up the stretch for second place between Metairie and Maid of Honor resulted in favor of the latter by a neck. Hampton Court was last throughout.

A mile dash for a purse of $500, all ages, came next. The entries, seven in number, and all starters, were Mr. Morris' Monday; Mr. Jerome's Luther; Mr. Sanford's Dot; Colonel McDaniel's Mittie; Mr. Reed's Enchantress; Mr. Ackerson's Richmond, and Mr. Watson's Onward. At first Onward was the favorite, and was backed against the field, but showing a little of his usual sulky temper before saddling. Monday supplanted him in public estimation, and he brought in the pools $150, to Onward's $115; Luther, $95; Dot, $23; Enchantress, $23; Mittie, $29, and Richmond, $20. This was a good race, the favorite cutting out the work from the start, with Luther second, Dot third, Enchantress next, and Richmond last; Mittie being left at the post, having her head turned the

pole, and beat him with apparent ease in 1:49¾. The betting was now $100 to $30 on the Maid, the backers of the colt endeavoring to hedge their money, and a large amount of business was done. De Courcy this heat ran in blinders, and he won the heat after a good race home, the filly evidently tiring, in 1:48¾. It was now any odds on the colt, and he won the third heat from end to end, the filly only just saving her distance. This race terminated the meeting:

Fourth Race.—Match, mile heats.

P. S. Forbes entered ch c De Courcy, by Trovatore, dam Rhoda, by imp. Glencoe, 3 yrs old, 90lb..... 2 1 1
A. Belmont entered imp. b f Maid of Honor, by Newminster, dam Himalaya, 3 yrs old, 87lb..... 1 2 2
Time, 1:49¾; 1:48¾; 1:53¾.

THE PATERSON SPRING MEETING.—On Tuesday next, the 4th of June, the Paterson Spring Meeting will commence, and be continued over the ensuing two days. It promises to be the most interesting meeting that the Passaic County Association have ever held. It has always enjoyed a high degree of popularity with New Yorkers, as the access from this city by the Erie Railroad is cheap, frequent and expeditious; the management is always excellent, and the racing first class. On the first day we have the Underwood Gift, a mile heat race, for which the entries are not made until the day before. Then comes the Derby, for three year olds, for which thirty-three horses, the flower of American thoroughbreds, are entered, and a two mile heat race follows. On the second day there is a steeple chase, a mile dash, a three mile dash and a selling race. On the third day there is a hurdle race; the Sequel Stakes, for three year olds, a dash of two miles; a three mile heat race and the Consolation purse. Special trains will run each day direct to the course, returning when the races are over. On the first day all the horses of the late Denis Ready, including the famous steeple chaser, Zigzag, Tom Woolfolk, and Annie Workman, a promising three year old, will be sold by auction.

TROTTING AT RIVERSIDE PARK, MASS.—Two trots came off at this track on the 21st ult. The first was for a purse of $160, mile heats, three in five, in harness, open to all green horses, and was won by G. H. Bailey's Whalebone, beating D. Eagley's Brandywine and W. Woodruff's Martha Washington. Time, 2:44; 2:46; 2:40. The second was a match, for $300, mile heats, three in five, in harness, between W. Woodruff's Washerwoman and H. Brock's Bay Beauty. The former won in 2:40½; 2:44; Beauty being distanced in the second heat.

On the 23d ult. another trial of speed for a proprietor's purse of $100, mile heats, 3 in 5, in harness, open to horses that never beat 2:35, was in order. The horses entered were the black stallion Draco Prince, brown stallion Ticonic, and the black stallion Danville, but the former did not appear. The Boy won in three straight heats in 2:37½; 2:38¾; 2:37.

THE OAKS STAKES.—This second great event of the Epsom (Eng.) race meeting took place on the 24th ult., and was won by Hippia.

TROTTING AT MYSTIC PARK, MASS.—A contest for a purse of $2,000, mile heats, three in five, took place at this New England track on the 25th ult., between the bay gelding, Shepherd Knapp, and the black stallion, Draco Prince, the latter winning in three straight heats. Time, 2:29½; 2:28½; 2:33¼.

THE RING.

FIGHTS TO COME.

JUNE —.—Sam Collyer and Barney Aaron, catch weight, $2,500 a side and the Light Weight Championship.
JULY 3.—Tom King and Jim Turner, $300 a side, 141lbs.
9.—Jimmy Elliott and Charley Gallagher, catch weight, $500 a side.

"Ed. Wilson," "Ed. Wilson,"
Is now, and will be hereafter, at
"THE RUINS," [48-tf] WEEHAWKEN, N. J.

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The De Kalb Avenue Cars, Fulton Ferry, take you to the old gentleman's residence.

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MEETING BETWEEN COBURN AND PRICE.

COBURN OFFERS TO ACCOMMODATE PRICE FOR $5,000 A SIDE, "OR ANY OTHER MAN."

IMMENSE EXCITEMENT, BUT NO MATCH.

The rumors floating around this city and Washington relating to a proposed match, pugilistic, for $5,000 a side, between Joe Coburn and Ned Price, have resulted in one thing, to wit, a meeting between these prominent members of the sporting fraternity, but no match. The origin of the talk grew out of a well known Washingtonian, while on a visit to this city, intimating that he knew of a man ready to fight Joe Coburn, if the latter would challenge anybody at 160lbs for $5,000 a side. This was communicated to Joe, but having an inkling of how things stood, he replied that if anybody wanted to fight him it was their business to challenge, and not his. This stopped all speculation as far as those posted were concerned, but once started, it was no easy matter to "stop the ball." Joe kept shady, and, as he has said before, was willing to jump in whenever somebody made it an object, which nobody did.

All at once Joe Coburn was missing—nobody knew where he had gone to, nor when he'd return. There was something in the wind certain, but what that something was, no one could tell. The first intimation we had of his whereabouts was hearing of him, through the papers, in Baltimore, and hearing of Barney Aaron at about the same time. What could this mean? Was Coburn going to finish training Barney—was he going to second him, or what was it? The next news was that Coburn had arrived in Washington; but what took him there seemed just as curious at first. It is well known that Joe circulates with some of the highcockalorums at the Capitol, but everything was quiet in the House, the Senate and on the Potomac, so that it was for no "lobbying" that he went there.

Tuesday, the 21st of May, however, told all, as will be seen from the story of a Washington correspondent, who says: "By accident, or otherwise, Coburn happened to meet Ned Price in this city, and after a few cursory remarks on the weather spoke as follows:

'I understand that Charley Godfrey has a 160lb man in this city who has expressed a desire to fight me for $5,000 a side. Now I know of but two men in Washington likely to answer to that. If he means Aaron Jones, I will fight him and stake at the rate of $1,000 to his $700 for all he can raise over $5,000, and will bet an even $250 that he can't hit me in fifteen minutes.'

After a little joking and pleasantry, Coburn acting very gentlemanly, he added, addressing Price:

'Ned, if Goodfrey means you I shall have to accommodate you, and I am on for that purpose, with my money ($5,000) right here.'

"To this Price replied that he authorized no one to act for him, neither did he want to fight, putting the question: 'Would you fight, Joe, if you had plenty of money?' Coburn replied that he would not; that he was about broke and wanted to make a stake. "Then," added the versatile Edward, 'that's my case exactly. I have money and a good business, which it would never pay me to give up for fighting.'"

"This ended the conversation on that topic, and Price, gentlemanly as ever, afterwards showed his first opponent and old antagonist through his rooms, exhibiting a very fine library, which is Price's fond retreat, and where, if I must tell it, Ned Price pours over his Coke and Blackstone, in leisure hours, for our Ciceronian friend is studying hard and earnestly to become a member of the Bar.

"Coburn afterwards saw Godfrey, and, he accompanied as before by his backer, said that he had come prepared to make a match with that Unknown for $5,000 a side. This took our influential citizen by surprise, and he wished for time. Coburn asked him if four o'clock next day (Wednesday) would suit, and he replied that it would. Four o'clock came, but they were no nearer making a match than the day previous, and that ended the bubble, and much talked off match between Joe Coburn and an Unknown for $5,000 a side."

TOMMY CHANDLER'S BENEFIT IN FRISCO.

The announcement that Thomas Chandler, the little hero of many a well contested and victorious battle, would take a benefit at the Academy of Music on Saturday evening, April 20, drew together quite a large number of the boys, and in fact many who were not boys—but those sanctimonious, long-haired fellows, the most vociferous in applauding the little short-haired one, whom they have heretofore assailed in a most cruel manner. There was, however, a decided improvement in the manner in which these meetings are conducted, and this change was justly attributable to Billy Jourdan, the popular M. C., who has lately been assigned that arduous duty on all such occasions.

At half past eight o'clock Mr. Jourdan came upon the stage and introduced Thos. McAlpin and McElroy, the two late opponents in the Chandler and Harris ring. McAlpin, who is more familiarly called "Soap," an old, experienced member of the P. R., is an easy and graceful sparrer, and consequently had the best of his opponent, who is extremely awkward and clumsy. Time being called, both stepped nimbly forward to the centre of the ring and put up their breastworks for the combat. Mac, who is never behind time, made a terrible lunge with his right at his opponent's drum, but, being a poor calculator, he fell short and came near going over on his face. Soap, seizing the favorable opportunity, got in a couple of good thumps on his opponent's knowledge box, which, by the way, was yet quite sore from the effects of his late encounter. When they stood at a proper distance and boxed each other fairly, Soap always got the best of peculiar style—Soap had to appeal to his legs for assistance, which made more than a little fun for the lookers on.

They were followed by the "Dublin Boy" and Frenchy; Kelly, of Wooster, and Bell, of Australia; Johnny Niland and Johnny Blackey; Joe Winrow and Denny Haley; John McElroy and Patsey Foy; J. Murray and "The Ladd;" Bernard Farley and Thos. Chandler, all of whom had quite interesting sets-to, particularly the two latter, who had a very lengthy and unusually spirited contest. On Farley making his appearance he was assailed with all manner of vile and abusive epithets from the roughs in the cockloft; but Chandler, true to his manly nature, stepped forward and addressed the uncultivated in a style which had the desired effect, and when quiet was restored the set-to was proceeded with, and a more interesting one, perhaps, never was witnessed on the San Francisco boards. Farley has appeared in public but once since his engagement with Chandler.

The sparring portion of the entertainment was interspersed with the following well appreciated performances:—Emile Rousey and H. H. Gardner sang the duet, "Mother, Kiss Me in My Dreams," very handsomely; Painter and Durand, two exceedingly comic fellows, were also heartily applauded, as was also Emile Rousseay, who did justice to the "Star Spangled Banner." When Chandler and Scotty of Brooklyn made their appearance in fighting costume, for the wind-up, they were well received, and the people rose from their seats and gave three times three and a tiger for the champion, Chandler. He politely acknowledged the compliment and returned thanks to his numerous friends for their kind patronage and the interest manifested in his behalf. He then announced his intention to withdraw from the ring, and said it would be useless for any one to attempt to draw him out again, as he had positively fought his last battle. The announcement was received with a round of applause. Scotty and Chandler detracted nothing from their usual clever style; if anything, they were more interesting than usual, as both parties were in tip-top condition and unusually good humored.

HOME AGAIN.—Ed. James Tuohey, who left the city for Brasil last November, and has been there five months unable to get away, has at last, we are pleased to say, returned to his adopted city, accompanied by his wife and children, to cheer and make glad the hearts of the old folks at home. Through the kindness of Captain Simpson of the ship North American, Tuohey was enabled to get away from Rio Janeiro in that vessel on the 2d of April and arrived here on Thursday morning, May 23d, looking first rate. He called to see us as soon as he got off the ship, overjoyed at his having once more set foot on good old New York soil. Concerning the great benefit gotten up to raise the funds to bring him home, Tuohey couldn't begin to express his feelings of gratitude. It was something he never had any right to look for, he said, and prays for some chance to show how deeply he appreciates this hearty generosity from those at whose hands he feels he did not deserve it. He couldn't see what he had done to merit such sympathy, and wished us in some shape to try and return his many, many thanks. Although the money had not arrived when he left, he had received letters from home notifying him of its having been sent, and, Tuohey-like, he left word to his relatives behind to get it and use what was required to get them back. This is characteristic of the man, all over. Warm-hearted, genial himself, his own wants were considered of second importance to theirs, and this act will raise him higher than ever in the estimation of the sporting men and working classes of this city. Everybody will be glad to meet and congratulate him on his safe return.

TOM KING AND JIM TURNER MATCHED FOR $2,000.—By letter from the Crescent City we are advised that the young Irelander, Tom King, and the Yorkshire blade, Jim Turner, have been matched for $1,000 a side to fight on the 3d of July, at 141lb. King has figured three times in the ring with success, defeating Joe Burke near Leavenworth in 17 minutes, Pat Malley near New Orleans in 40 minutes, and the late Billy Farrell near the Crescent City in 68 minutes; he is over three inches taller than Turner. Turner's name is not unknown from his fights with Frawley, Jack Turner (the former of whom defeated him and the latter was a draw) and more recently with Peter Joyce. He is a tough bit of stuff. There will be some lively betting on this contest when it comes off.

DICK HOLLYWOOD IN THE FIELD AGAIN—CHALLENGE TO JOHNNY O'KEEFE.—The famous little Nonpareil, whose memorable fight with Johnny Keating for the Feather-weight Championship will never be forgotten, not liking the way Johnny O'Keefe has been talking about him, has sent us the following to see whether he will make good his promise made to other people of his anxiety to fight Dick:—

NEW YORK, May 22, 1867.

MR. QUEEN—Dear Sir:—Understanding that Johnny O'Keefe has expressed a great desire to meet me in the Prize Ring, although I had given up all ideas of fighting again, to accommodate him especially, I hereby agree to fight the said Johnny O'Keefe at his own terms, for from $500 to $1,000 a side, and shall be prepared to meet him at the CLIPPER office on Wednesday, May 29, between the hours of 12 and 2 P. M., to put up a deposit and sign articles. Respectfully, RICHARD HOLLYWOOD.

CALIFORNIA P. R. ON DITS.—Among the many rumors of probable matches in the California P. R. it is asserted that Professor Quinlan has been named in connection with Johnny Blackey, and the Chicken meat for Johnny Niland, while it is declared that Scotty, of Brooklyn, must give the Gothamite, Jack Turner, a chance to throw himself before leaving that city.....Johnny Niland and Johnny Devine, *alias* the Chicken, were expected to be matched on Saturday evening, April 27th. Niland offers to fight the Chicken at 132 pounds, or catch weight, for $500 a side, and as Devine has been spoiling for a fight for some time, they will, no doubt, come to terms soon.....George Wilson, of Caraboo, has challenged Joe Eden, of Portland, to fight for $2,000 a side. The first deposit of $500 was to be put up at Bakerville, on the 1st May. Joe Eden took a benefit in San Francisco last winter, shortly after his fight with Baker, whom he defeated.

IZZY LAZARUS' PLACE FOR SALE.—Owing to the continued illness of Mr. Lazarus and the imperative necessity of a change of air, his house, the well known three story and basement, located at 223 Centre street, one door from Grand, is now offered for sale—that is, the lease, stock, fixtures, etc. The house has all the modern improvements; can accommodate a number of boarders; is well stocked in every particular, and Mr. L. has license for the next twelve months. It is a fine situation, cars from all parts of the city going within a stone's throw—many of them passing the door—is opposite Odd Fellows Hall and close to Centre Market—in fact just the place for a popular man to do a thriving business. For other particulars it will be necessary to apply on the premises.

THE JONES AND MCCOOLE MATCH.—Nothing definite has been done in the proposed match for $1,500 a side, between Aaron Jones and Mike McCoole, "champion of America," as he delights to call himself, the bitch being as to the place of fighting. McCoole is anxious for the match to take place near his home in St. Louis, while Jones is perfectly willing to fight near Cincinnati, where McCoole is better known than he is. They may compromise and fight half way. By all means, let us have a match after all the talk.

BILLY KELLY'S BENEFIT.—This young fellow had a rousing benefit at National Hall, West 44th street, Saturday night, May 25th, a report of which, unfortunately, we haven't the space for this week. Grady and Keely gave the wind-up, which was "beautiful."

PATSY SHEPHERD DEFEATS CON. REARDON.—A prize fight between Patsy Shepherd and Con. Reardon for $200, took place early Saturday morning, May 25th, about four miles from St. Louis, Mo., on the Illinois side of the river. The fight lasted one hour and four minutes, and was won by Shepherd. Only three rounds were fought, the first one lasting forty-eight minutes. Reardon is said to have been badly punished.

AARON AND COLLYER.—Beyond the fact that everything gives promise of this absorbing event coming to a fair and manly issue we have little to say. Barney Aaron left for Baltimore last week, near which city, we believe, he intends to finish his training as well as to have a benefit there. He will, possibly, take an exhibition in Washington too. Collyer is as well as he ever was, and anxious for the 13th to come round. This fight will draw an immense crowd no matter were it comes off.

JOE COBURN will shortly be the recipient of a complimentary testimonial, of which we shall have particulars next week. It will be before the Aaron and Collyer fight.

SCOTTY'S BENEFIT.—Scotty, of Brooklyn, one of Chandler's seconds in his late fight, took a benefit at the Academy of Music, Frisco, on Saturday, April 27th, which was well attended. The chief attraction was a glove match between Denny Haley and Scotty. Both are expert sparrers and pleased the audience by their dexterous movements.

DOONEY HARRIS, the vanquished hero, has recovered from the injuries inflicted on him by Chandler and at last advices was out in the streets of San Francisco again. Jack Turner, at last accounts, was at the Springs, whither he went to recruit his health, which has lately been rather bad.

DREW HIS MONEY.—Young Edwards, seeing no probability of the Cast Iron Man coming to time, has withdrawn the $50 he left in our hands for a match with that worthy at 136lb, according to his (Collins') own challenge. We hear that the C. I. M. has got into a *more* profitable business than prize fighting.

DAVE SCANNELL, Tim McCarthy and Con Mooney, all of San Francisco, Cal., by a sudden windfall have become immensely rich, writes a correspondent from the Golden State, but how they came so is not noted. The fact that it is so will be a source of much gratification to their friends hereaway.

JOHNNY GRADY'S TESTIMONIAL FOR TUESDAY, JUNE 4.—By conflicting Grady's benefit with the excursion of the Hudson Association, of which Johnny is a member, we inadvertently made it to take place on Monday instead of Tuesday next, which was a bad mistake on our part. Luckily, we have a chance to make wrong right, and now call attention to the fact that Johnny Grady (the late opponent of Billy Kelly) has a testimonial at Central Hall, 37 and 39 Bowery, on Tuesday evening, June 4, under the auspices of many public and influential men of this city. Grady has the proffered, voluntary assistance of Mickey Warren, Tommy Thompson, Hugh Golden and others, in a grand trial jig dance, a novelty in itself, as well as that of Mike Carr (Sam Collyer's first opponent), who will positively set-to for his old friend Johnny. Carr's first appearance in this city as a sparrer will induce many to go and see him. As Ed. Tuohey is now home again, he will be there ready to lend a helping hand. Mike Smith's New York friends are exceedingly anxious to see him tried with Pat Cannon in this city, and as he thinks pretty well of Grady, there will be no difficulty in bringing them together. Add to these the names of all the up-town boxers—Mickey Coburn and Billy McMullen (his seconds), Teddy McAuliffe, Billy Bennett, Johnny Carman, etc., together with the Brooklyn boys, Pat Kelly, Johnny Dwyer, Mike Noonan, Johnny Keating, Mike Hearne, etc., not to forget Dick Hollywood, Jem Fox and others, and we have a list of names attractive enough to bring half New York. In addition to these, Johnny Hart will be open to wrestle any man present, collar and elbow. The wind-up will be a hotly contested bout between the two late antagonists, Johnny Grady and Billy Kelly.

THE HUDSON ASSOCIATION.—This steadily increasing and flourishing organization, comprised of young men, residents in the 22d Ward, of which Barney Martin is Secretary and Charles Feltner, President, go on their second annual pic-nic excursion to the Broadway Park, 94th street and Broadway, on Monday, June 3d. From their last year's affair, an exceedingly pleasant time is anticipated. We acknowledge an invite to participate in the festivities, but business will not admit of making two of the party, Monday being the day we go to press.

SKIRMISH IN TEXAS.—Jim McGee and Bob Graham, as we learn from a Galveston correspondent, had a trial of skill with the fives on the 12th of May, for a hundred a side, which Bob won in four rounds, lasting forty-seven minutes. They were rematched for $500 a side to meet again in four weeks time from their first meeting. We are not informed as to where they hail from, but some of the boys may know them.

NEW SPARRING HALL.—The extensive ball room at 87 Mercer street, known as the Assembly Rooms, can now be secured for sparring exhibitions. The proprietor, Jake Hoome, intends to erect a large stage, roped and staked round in true P. R. style, and we see no reason why this place shouldn't take the place of, Kerrigan's Hall, in days gone as the headquarters of the boxing division. Let the boys make a note of it accordingly.

THE TRIGGER.

SECOND ANNUAL CONVENTION
OF THE
NEW YORK STATE SPORTSMEN'S ASSOCIATION.

The second annual convention of the above named association took place at LeRoy last week, commencing on the 21st, and terminating on the 25th ult. The heavy rains greatly interfered with the arrangements, and caused the attendance to be very limited. At the meeting held on the 21st, at the Starr Hotel, some twenty-five clubs were represented, and several new ones were admitted to membership. The following officers were elected to serve during the ensuing twelvemonth:—President, Hon. Geo. W. Clinton, of Buffalo; 1st Vice President, C. C. Moore, of Rochester; 2d Vice President, C. H. Finch, of Syracuse; Recorder Secretary, John B. Sage, of Buffalo; Corresponding Secretary, Randolph Ballard, of LeRoy; Treasurer, S. M. Spencer, of Rochester. The president then appointed C. F. Bissett, of LeRoy, referee, except for breech loading guns, and the following committees and judges:—

To award prizes for American breech-loading guns—Ira S. Vaughan, of LeRoy; Wm. Bullinghurst, Rochester; F. H. Truax, Albany. Judges for all matches except rifle shooting—Linus J. Peck, of Holley; Hon. A. S. Upham, of Leroy. Judges for rifle match—S. M. Spencer, of Rochester, and C. C. Morse, of same place. As according to the rules of the last convention, those who took prizes last year were not allowed to compete for the same prizes this, it was resolved to have testimonials ready for any of them who should prove best in the trial. We present below as full a record of the shooting as we could obtain.

The first prize for long range rifle shooting on the 23d ult., was won by Seth Green, of Munsford; second by L. J. Peck, of Holly. The first prize short range rifle shooting was won by H. H. Cheldon, of Niagara Falls. The single bird shooting on the 24th ult., commenced at an early hour and was participated in by some of the best shots in the country, including John Taylor, of Jersey, and Robt. Newell, of Buffalo. The conditions were that each man should shoot at ten birds, those tying on ten, nine and eight birds respectively to shoot off at three birds each for the first, second and third prizes, the distance being increased five yards for each tie shot off.

THE FIRST PRIZE.

Mr. Newell, of Buffalo, Mr. Augur, of Le Roy, and Mr. Holden, of Batavia, having killed their allotted ten, proceeded to shoot off the tie at twenty-six yards distance. Mr. N. killed his three birds, Mr. A. his first and third, and Mr. H. his first only. Mr Newell, however, having won the single bird prize offered by the local club last year, could not, according to the rules, receive it this year. In place of it the State Association presents him with a medal. Mr. Augur takes the first premium which is a silver flower vase.

THE SECOND PRIZE.

The score of the first trial at twenty-six yards was as follows:

Murray	1	1	1—3	Ward	1 1 1—3
Sheldon	1	0	0—1	Taylor	1 1 0—2
Smith	1	0	0—1	Tenant	1 1 0—2
Cogswell	0	1	1—2	Marsh	1 1 1—3
Compson	1	0	1—2	Felton	0 1 0—1

The three who killed their trio of birds then shot off again, at a distance of thirty-one yards, with the following result:

Murray	0	0	0—0
Ward	0	0	0—0
Marsh	1	0	1—2

Thus Mr. George Marsh, of Buffalo, obtained the second honor. The prize was a solid silver gold lined goblet.

THE THIRD PRIZE.

Nine of the contestants tied on eight birds, and shot again for the third prize. The result was:

Witmer	1	0	0—1	Wakeman	0 1 1—2
Deeze	1	0	1—2	Spencer	1 0 0—1
Ball	1	0	1—2	Goodhue	0 0 1—1
Pitts	0	0	0—0	Roberts	1 1 1—3
Palmer	1	1	0—2		

So insatiable Buffalo, in the person of Mr. Stephen Roberts, secured the third prize also, being a silver mounted powder flask, shot bag and drinking flask.

THE DOUBLE BIRD SHOOTING.

We give below the score of the shooting at double birds, as far as heard from, the first prize for which is a solid silver sugar basket, and the second a solid silver wine goblet:—

W. C. Jacus.....10 10 00 10 00 11 01 10 10 10— 9
L. Lansing.....10 11 10 00 10 — 5
W. H. Cobb.....10 10 10 10 11 10 11 10 10 10 10—12
R. Newell.....00 11 10 11 11 01 11 11 11 11 11—16
J. Witmer.....11 10 11 11 11 10 11 10 10 10 10—15
J. Taylor.....11 11 11 11 10 11 11 11 11 11 01—18
G. P. Worden.....10 11 10 00 10 10 11 00 00 10— 9
C. E. Felton.....00 00 00 10 10 10 11 11 10 11—10

S. T. Murray, M. Coggswell, M. Ball, Wm. Tompkins, Jas. Ward, J. R. McDonald, C. C. Adams, F. Drake, Wakeman, Eversted, Walzer, Ballard, G. G. Marsh, S. K. Bronson and Griffith, were yet to shoot, though it was not expected that any of them would equal Taylor or Newell.

BILLIARDS.

AND COMBINATION CUSHIONS.

These Billiard Tables have received the unqualified approval of the best players and most competent judges, who have universally pronounced them unequalled for general excellence and durability.

Seven distinct patents for improvements in Billiard Tables have been granted to us by the United States Patent Office, and we have lately obtained a patent from the French Government for our improvements in billiard cushions.

We employ, in the construction of our tables, a variety of machines specially made for the purpose, by which means we are enabled to insure a scientific and mechanical accuracy hitherto unknown in billiard manufacture.

AMERICAN CUE CEMENT.—Price for large bottles, 50 cents. Warranted the best in use.

Price Lists and full information sent by mail.
PHELAN & COLLENDER,
44-tf 63, 65, 67 and 69 Crosby street, New York.

All Games of Billiards, Pool, &c., Illustrated with shots, &c., 35 cents. W. C. WEMYSS, 575 Broadway, N.Y. 52-3m*

Billiards.
A FIRST CLASS TABLE,
Furnished with the Best Cushion ever invented, viz:—
"THE CAT GUT"
made only by KAVANAGH & DECKER, cor. Canal and Centre streets, New York City.

The Cat Gut Cushion, for which we have a Patent dated December 18th, 1866, is an improvement billiard men have long been wishing for. Wherever it has been tried—and it has been introduced extensively within the past year in New York and vicinity—it has given perfect satisfaction. We are frequently called upon to remove the cushions of other makers, and substitute THE CAT GUT. Price of a table fully equipped, $525.
KAVANAGH & DECKER,
Canal and Centre st., New York,
And Nos. 601 and 603 Fourth street,
41 3m* Cor. Washington avenue, St Louis, Mo.

PENNSYLVANIA CHAMPIONSHIP.—As we go to press, the match of 1,500 points, caroms, for the championship of Pennsylvania and a money stake, between Edmund H. Nelms and Robert I. Kyall, is in progress. The indications are that Nelms will win. He is playing immense billiards, equaling the best efforts of Dion and McDevitt. One night last week, in a game of 1,600 points, he averaged 150, making runs, in the order here set down, of 0, 69, 74, 626, 85, 355, 0, 39, 4, and 250. The time was one hour and twenty-five minutes. A carom table was used, however, and he had an amateur for an opponent. The latter, averaging 16, scored 142 points in all.

A RUN OF EIGHT HUNDRED AND EIGHTY EIGHT.—Last Wednesday night, John McDevitt, while playing the seventh of a series of money games with Michael Phelan, made the marvelously large run of eight hundred and eighty-eight. The balls were admirably managed throughout, every carom being skillfully made and right under the nose of his opponent. As it is the largest run by several hundreds ever made in a game on a pocket table, without the aid of the "jaw," so it was by long odds the best nursing ever seen. The game was 1,500 points up, the remainder of it being indifferently played, and the average only 31¾. The run, though unparalleled, is of little consequence as affecting the match between McDevitt and Dion, and is not likely to cause the latter any uneasiness. As McDevitt is expected to run from four to seven hundred in a match of 1,500, it ought not to surprise any one should he get as high as 800; and we know it will not surprise Dion. Nor would it surprise McDevitt should Dion run as many. Dion and Nelms are fast becoming as effective nursers as McDevitt, and as it is questioned in no quarter that Dion is McDevitt's superior around the table, it is likely that, despite the latter's run of eight hundred and eighty-eight, and his great average of 35 in 9,000 points played with Phelan for money, the odds will be on the champion—at least, at the rate of 100 to 60 (it is now 100 to 70). But while it is the general impression that Dion will win, it is undeniable that McDevitt is at this particular game "a foeman worthy of his steel," and he will doubtless go into this contest better fitted for the job before him than any previous occasion. Dion, as we have already reported, has also made large runs, and averages of from 56 to 68 in games of 1,500 points; and on the latter score he is ahead of McDevitt. But these "preparatory gallops" amount to nothing. On the night of the match "blood will tell."

CHAMPIONSHIP OF CALIFORNIA.—The telegraph reports that A. W. Jamieson, the tall son of the Buckeye State, but of late years a resident of the Pacific region, won the champion cue in the tournament held in San Francisco on the 17th, 18th and 19th of May.

COMING DOWN.—On Friday night Phelan and McDevitt played a game of 1,000 points at the Charity Fair, on the table presented by the former to the Sisters of Mercy. For McDevitt, the playing was poor, his best run being 121, and his average not above 20. On Saturday night he played his eighth money game with Phelan. It was 1,000 points up, the Governor receiving 367 points and a beating. The average of McDevitt was only 14, and his best run but 217. He has to play two more games with Phelan, both this week, in addition to an exhibition game at the Fair.

CHAMPIONSHIP OF OHIO.—Harry Choate and John Frawley are to play on the 20th of June for the championship of the Buckeye State.

MORE CHARITY BILLIARDS.—Kavanagh, Foster, Eaton and Humphreys played at the Charity Fair on Thursday night, on a table donated in part by Kavanagh and Decker. A run of 205 by Foster, who defeated Kavanagh 90 points in 500, was the chief feature of the play. There was a large audience at 50 cents per head. On the following night Phelan and McDevitt played before an equally large audience.

MOVEMENTS OF PLAYERS.—John McDevitt is in Philadelphia, and so, we believe, is Phelan. Both will be here on Wednesday, 29th. On the Monday following McDevitt goes to Montreal in company with the trusty cues, with which, on the Monday after that, he hopes to slaughter Dion. William Goldthwait has agreed to go to the same city and practice with Dion. Melvin Foster is now in charge of Marion's room in this city. Pierre Carme, now in France, proposes to "come ba-a-ck" to this city in June.

LATER SPORTS ABROAD.

THE RACE FOR THE EPSOM DERBY.
HERMIT THE WINNER.

The leading event in the British Turf Calendar, the great race for the Derby, which annually attracts to the time honored Downs of Epsom everybody—men, women and children—who can, by hook or by crook, manage to get there, was run for on May 22d, and resulted in the victory of Hermit and the vanquishment of all the favorites. The subjoined details of the race were flashed across the cable to the *Herald*:—

EPSOM COURSE, May 22, 1867

The "Derby Day" has just terminated. In the matters of assemblage, scenes on the "road," excitement and turf contest, as evidenced during the struggle for the stakes, it was worthy any of the historic racing events which have preceded it since Diomed—a horse subsequently exported to America—won the first English "Derby," in the year 1780. The morning was cloudy, and the weather inclined to rain. Several showers, interspersed with a slight sprinkling of snow, fell during the forenoon, but notwithstanding the aspect the road to the Surrey Downs was crowded with vehicles of every description, from the royal "drag" and aristocratic "four-in-hand" down to the costermonger's wagon and gipsy cart, the occupants "tooling" along to the turf, each happy in his own particular sphere, and everybody bent on enjoyment. The jokes, jostlings, collisions of vehicles, roadside betting, fortune telling, refreshment selling and pocket picking incident to the run down to the Derby were inevitable, and to be heard, seen and maybap felt on all sides.

There were over two hundred and fifty thousand persons assembled on the course. The Prince of Wales and Prince Alfred represented royalty on the grand stand, which accommodated in addition a goodly sprinkling of the nobility of England. Thirty horses, out of perhaps two hundred entries from the opening of the lists, ran for the Derby Stakes, which are valued at forty thousand dollars in gold.

There were five false starts, heavy showers of rain falling at the critical moments and in the intervals. When the horses were brought up for the sixth time the sun shone out gloriously, and the start finally made was a very brilliant scene. The race was splendid, the running excellent and in good time. Hermit won by half a length, coming in at the last stretch to the winning post like an arrow to the mark, amid vociferous cheering. A snow storm prevailed at the moment of victory. Marksman came in second, and Vauban—a very great favorite, being the winner of the Two Thousand Guineas—third.

The betting was very active, but cannot be called variable, during a fortnight. Vauban was in great favor at all the sporting centres. The hazards may be fairly averaged as follows:—

2 to 1 agst Vauban (t & off)	20 to 1 agst The Palmer (off)
4 to 1 agst The Rake (off 19 to 2)	20 to 1 agst D'Estournel (off, 125 to 1)
7 to 1 agst Hermit (off, 18 to 1)	40 to 1 agst Fitz-Ivan (off, t 50 to 1)
11 to 1 agst Dragon (off)	50 to 1 agst Van Amburgh (t)
20 to 1 agst Marksman (t)	50 to 1 agst Plaudit (off)
20 to 1 agst Grand Cross (t)	
20 to 1 agst Julius (off)	

BALL PLAY.

EUREKA VS. STAR.

On Thursday, the 23d May, the Eurekas visited New Brunswick and there engaged in a game with the Star Club of that place, the result being the signal defeat of the Stars, as will be seen by the appended score:—

STAR.	H.L.	R.	EUREKA.	H.L.	R.
Kirkpatrick, c	3	0	Callaway, 1 f	3	9
Dayton, s s	5	0	Burroughs, 3d b	2	7
Meyers, 1st b	3	1	Currier, 1st b	4	4
Stout, c f	3	1	Brientnal, c	2	7
Bonney, 3d b	4	1	Strugard, s s	6	5
Wiley, 1 f	3	1	Williams, r f	4	7
Bergen, p	2	1	Terrill, 2d b	2	9
Fisler, r f	2	2	Condit, c f	1	10
Henry, 2d b	2	2	Lex, p	3	8
Total	9		Total		66

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Star	0	0	1	4	0	3	0	0	1—9
Eureka	1	6	4	20	21	1	3	4	6—66

Umpire—A. L. Solomon, of Liberty Club. Scorer—J. Burroughs.

GRAND MATCHES TO COME.

The most exciting game of the season thus far will be the grand deciding match for the Championship of New England, to take place at Boston, on Saturday, June 15th, on the Common, it being the third game of the series between the Harvard and Lowell clubs. They have each won one game, the Lowells scoring a grand total of 63 to the Harvards 60. Thousands of people will visit Boston on the occasion, purposely to witness this grand match.

In the interim a very interesting contest is to take place at Newark, on the 30th of May, between the celebrated Irvingtons and the Young Actives, of Newark.

On June 5th the Mutuals will probably put in an appearance in a match for the first time on the Union grounds, their opponents being the Independents, of Brooklyn.

The Unions and Atlantics are to meet at Morrisania about the third week in June, the *entente cordiale* having been duly restored between them. Before this, however, the Unions will visit the Irvingtons, and kindly hand them over a trophy, so the Irvington villagers anticipate, but the Morrisanians do not exactly see it in that light.

The Star and Irvington match is off for the present. As neither club possesses desirable grounds, the Stars propose to play the series of games on neutral grounds, the first at Newark and the second at Bedford or Williamsburgh. There won't be a third game.

TRI-MOUNTAIN, OF BOSTON.

DON JUAN IN AMERICA.

Written Expressly for the N. Y. Clipper.

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CANTO VI.

LXIX.

To leave the house and rush across the lawn
Was but a moment's work, but a surprise
Awaited him; with gleaming sabre drawn
Young Boreas came; the look within his eyes
Bespoke the firm resolve that spurred him on.
He was a light little man, of Juan's size,
Or thereabouts, and good old Father Tovee's
Opinion would have been "Well matched, my covies."

LXX

A soldier seldom goes unarmed; in weal
Or woe he finds his truest friend to be
That little cylinder of tempered steel
Which binds a tyrant's words or sets men free;
It is the last great Tribune of Appeal,
And whistles its decision gleefully.
A dozen names has this deep problem-solver,
In Juan's case it was a Colt's revolver.

LXXI.

He drew it and prepared to meet the foe,
Who nothing daunted boldly rushed ahead;
Excitement gave his handsome cheeks a glow,
And when he loudly and with promptness said:
"Halt there," Don Juan could not fail to know
That if he didn't there would blood be shed.
However, it was well the woman scrape
Was quite unknown, else he would not escape.

LXXII.

My hero halted and the two men stood
In close proximity; the look of each
Betokened for the other nothing good;
And hatred which was far too deep for speech
O'erspread the face of Capt. Boreas; should
He kill him on the spot, or try to teach
Him Southern Rights before he sent him home?
That question to his chivalrous mind did come.

LXXIII.

To reason with him he at length concluded;
His anger was suspended, so he spoke:
"Young man," he said, "you people are deluded;
They cannot see thro' all this battle smoke;
They thought—three years ago your friends and you did,
When first the war-cloud o'er the nation broke,
That we—the South—would yield unto that cranky
And money-loving mudsill called the Yankee.

LXXIV.

"Manassas, Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville,
Taught them a lesson which you know as well
As others; 'twas that loaded guns will kill
And that at no small cost do freemen sell
Their rights. And yet, poor fool you reckon still
To make us yield. A rulership in Hell
Were better than in Yankeedom; how then
Can you expect to change a million men?

LXXV.

"Already have you burned our pleasant towns,
Laid waste our fields and changed our cheerful scenes,
And—this all other acts of meanness crowns—
Ben Butler stole the spoons at New Orleans.
Over each harbor some big war ship frowns,
And with your iron-clads and your odd machines
That only Yankees or the devil might
Invent, you seek to sink us out of sight.

LXXVI.

"But we shall gain the victory at last,
The South will free itself of your control,
And when the turbulance of war is passed
We'll govern you—ye men of little soul!
We'll make the puritanic fellows fast
And pray in vain. We'll keep you as a whole
For exhibition when some foreign friend
His judge of donkeys to this land doth send."

LXXVII.

Spoke Juan, "I'm a foreigner from Spain;
I came before your great war had begun.
Your words and threats are given me in vain.
I entered early, took part in Bull Run,
And would most certainly do so again.
Nay, blame me if you will, but I have done
That which to me appeared the simple duty
Of all who'd keep your land in pristine beauty.

LXXVIII.

"You have a home here in the great free West—
The envy of all Europe—and you hold
The destiny of men; this is the best
Of lands—the new, remodeled from the old.
'Tis here the people seek their final rest;
Your future glory cannot now be told.
Why would you, then, with traitorous hand divide
The country which is fifty countries' pride?

LXXIX.

"In unity is strength. Your nation's life
Depends to day on crushing out the faction
That doth essay, thro' means of civil strife,
To make each State an unprotected fraction;
Now for the first time is the question rife,
You must decide it by deliberate action,
And if you fall the virgin Freedom bleedeth;
(I wonder if Don Juan thought of Edith!)

LXXX.

"But let us drop this argument;—we meet;—
An enmity exists, so we must fight:
To me—to you most likely—life is sweet,
But one of us must give it up to night.
We come together not in battle-heat,
And yet our cause of quarrel is not slight;
So let us measure off th' accustomed space,
And shoot without our seconds in this case."

LXXXI.

The affair was soon arranged; they stood prepared
To meet each other; neither man displayed
That fear which is the only thing that's shared
By rivals usually when fights are made.
Don Juan (spite of talk) but little cared
For life, and Captain Boreas having laid
His life upon "his country's altar," laughed
At Fate and at its murder-yielding shaft.

LXXXII.

Dear reader have you looked at "Griffith Gaunt?"
The novel I refer to, not the play,
Therein you'll find that when the final taunt
Was given, ere the hero went away,
A duel was got up with Reade's own rant,
And Sir George Neville, as the book doth say,
Assumed to take the vengeance of a Roman,
But he was interrupted by a woman.

LXXXIII.

And in the case that's under notice now
My hero had resolved to fight it out.
Firm-pressed appeared his lips and harsh his brow.
He felt that victory was his, no doubt,
But at the last he could not fairly crow,
As you shall see. It wasn't a real rout,
But Juan didn't win what he had hoped
When first he with the rebel Captain coped.

LXXXIV.

For Edith woke, while yet the talk progressed,
And looking thro' the windows she did see
Our friends, and thereupon she quickly dressed,
And putting on her hat in haste did flee
Unto the spot in good time to arrest
The hands of those rash men which sought to be
Imbued with murder's stain. The fellows stopped
Their wicked play and both their pistols dropped.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE SIN PHANTOM;

OR,

THE KEEPER'S DESTINY.

CHAPTER XLVII.

THE LAST.

On the night when Leonora returned, a strange and irresistible infatuation compelled Michael to remain in Charnett; he knew the crisis of his fate was near.

Night shadowed the grand old pile and threw its darkness over the dusky hills, when, with Henri by his side, that proud and sinful scion of a proud and sinful race stood looking his last upon the inheritance he dared not claim.

"They are upon my track," he soliloquised; "the Sin Phantom—that terrible minister of Chicto's league; for memory is with me now, and I recognize him in the fair haired artist who knew my darkest secrets and told me them with such infernal mockery; but though I am hunted down, though I have sinned in vain, my vengeance shall be felt. Charnett is my birthright; it shall never be inherited by another."

"Michael."

He turned and saw Reuben Uxley at his side. The old man, faithful to the last to Agnes Brewer's son, had come to warn him.

"I have watched and waited for you, Michael," the old man said, "in spite of the peril near."

"Peril to you, Uxley?"

"Ay! O'Neil is here; here with Lady Leonora, John Kendrake, Dr. Hamilton and Mr. Pentland; there are strangers with them, Michael; hunters who wait for the lion to enter his lair."

"They wait for me," said Michael, grimly; "well, they shall see me once again."

"Stephen Lester has confessed," Uxley continued; betrayed us to save his own wretched life; discovered you as Lord Sidney's murderer."

"Let come what may," said Michael savagely, "I will not forego revenge and triumph. Leonora shall be mine. I have sworn it, and will keep my word even if it be in the hour of my death."

"Think of the risk."

"I have thought of all. Take care of Henri, old friend, and give to him the faith you have given me. At midnight look upon this scene, and you shall see a spectacle such as Charnett has not seen. If I am not with you, the tragedy will be over."

"What do you mean?"

"Leonora is there." Ewrick's voice was thick with passion, and the old demon lighted up his fine black eyes. "There lies revenge and triumph. The sky shall glow red to-night, and blood shall run."

He lifted Henri to his breast, kissed him; and wrung Uxley's hand.

"In this," he said, giving the lawyer a packet, "you will find my wishes concerning him. If I do not return, escape, and live for his sake; Reuben promise me."

"I do, Michael; but why not forego this madness and escape?"

"If to relinquish my intention would erase all the blackness from the past I would not do it now. My soul is set. I am conquered; but I will die like Samson, bringing destruction to my foes. Farewell."

"Farewell, if we do not meet again."

Michael strode on, the cry of his child calling for him struck his ear and shook his resolution, but only for a moment; he strode on.

Charnett House was a strange old place; the existence of a secret entrance had long been suspected, but never discovered except by him who used it now. It was a subterranean passage leading from the stables and communicating with the lower corriders.

Once in the corridors, access to the basement was easy, and then Michael was in the house, and the house was at his mercy. Perfect quiet reigned; the intended incendiary crept about with shoeless feet.

He was armed to the teeth, and would have mercilessly slain any one who came in his way. The covered lantern that he carried showed his form, and his face was devilish.

Materials for his work were easily found; he piled a heap of faggots and loose firewood on the floor; he worked with special care, and did not desist until he had laid a train that, once fired, would insure destruction.

"The old house will catch like tinder," he muttered; "and those who do not escape soon will have a foretaste of hell."

He opened his lamp and fired the combustibles; they caught easily; coils of smoke and streaks of flame rose through the crackling twigs, and began to lick round the panels. When these began to burn the house was doomed.

Wild with vengeful exultation, Michael sped to Leonora's chamber, uninterrupted, unimpeded: his hand upon a pistol ready for the first who came.

But the inmates were slumbering peacefully, while the fire raged beneath them.

Leonora's chamber door was unlocked. She had faithful hearts around her, and did not fear. So Michael found no obstacle in his way, and his heart gave a leap when he stood within her chamber. "I may escape with her," he thought; "the rest may burn."

Warned by his previous experience, he dealt first with the child. A silk kerchief slipped over her mouth and tied securely kept her silent when she woke; but her start of terror as her eyes fell upon the intruder roused her mother.

Michael's hand upon the lady's throat choked her cry of indignation, and her heart sank heavily. She had little pity to expect from her husband's murderer.

"Monster," she whispered, "do you not fear the dead?"

"Not half so much as I love the living," he said with a low laugh and a glance that was an outrage. "You are mine at last, Leonora, my peerless magnificent cousin! And if you would not see me send a dagger to your child's breast, be silent and come with me." The threat froze her into silence. She saw the gleam of the dagger in his hand, and looked from it to Alice. He was sufficiently thoughtful even in the fever heat of passion to wrap a cloak round Leonora ere his powerful arm drew her from the bed. She did not resist, though if her glance of insulted womanhood could have killed he would have fallen dead. The moment her feet were on the floor she seized Alice and threw her to the other side of the couch, out of Michael's way. The sudden action disconcerted him for an instant, and in that instant Leonora, powerful and supple as a tigress, leaped upon him, twining both her soft hands round his throat. Thinking of her husband, slain by him, and his purpose in her chamber, she did not call for help.

Michael was not prepared for the attack, and his wild love was so great, that though in jeopardy he let his dagger fall lest it should hurt by accident the lithe form clinging to him. She was in truth a magnificent creature, and her beauty in its present guise seemed to blind and make him drunk.

He wound a strong arm round her waist and drew her to him with such crushing force as to hurt her; then he tore her hands from his throat and smiled in her face.

"O, my Leonora," he said, "you need fight no more. I have swam through blood for you, and even in this the last hour that old Charnett House will stand, you shall be mine. I could not save you now, it is too late. The pile is fired and we shall die together, here in our bridal chamber."

Her shriek rang through the house, and there came back many an echo, for the fire had broken through the basement roof at last, and now was raging fiercely on the ground floor; it was making rapid progress on every side.

O'Neil, always on the alert, and prompt when roused, thought first of Leonora and her child; he divined the truth at once as to the incendiary, but did not think he was in the house.

Not till when, bounding down the corridor, whose floor was hot under his feet, he heard her cry, and heard it answered by a laugh. Shriek after shriek rang out; and a panther leaping from the jungle to its quarry's throat might have leaped as did O'Neil into the chamber and at Michael.

Leonora had called on O'Neil, and his one word "Here!" rang out like a trumpet note. Then he snatched the lady away, and put her by the side of her child.

Michael picked up his dagger. O'Neil was unarmed. He bound a scarf round his hand; but before he began the death-battle he spoke to Leonora.

"To the picture-gallery!" he said, fixing his glittering eye on Michael; "that way is safe, dear lady. Take your child and away! The staircase is of stone; and the fire has hardly yet reached that wing."

"But you?" said Leonora.

"I stay," he said, "to settle a long account with the Chevalier de Buradoc."

Michael drew a revolver, but had not time to use it. O'Neil dashed it from his hand, and it went crashing through the window.

But for her child's sake, Leonora would have stayed to see the issue. The flames were coming, and she dared not. John Kendrake and Ishmael coming to the rescue took them away.

"Save all you can," said O'Neil to Kendrake. "I will save myself."

And again he faced the chevalier. For the first time in his life Michael felt afraid. His passion, checked in the moment of triumph, went back to its source and made his heart tremble; and he feared the man he could not kill, the man who lived to thwart him, the man whose strength and daring were greater than his own.

"In this," Michael said, "the hour when one or both must die, tell me why you have hunted me down."

"Why?"—the fair face whitened savagely. "Why? I am Symon, Count Dunault, whom you tried to murder in the gambling house. I am the Sin Phantom through whose throat you sent a dagger, and whom you hurled into the Seine. I am Robert O'Neil, whom you sought to kill at Uxley's house in Charnett. I am Lord Sydney's friend; and—I LOVE LEONORA."

Michael was answered; and after the first great shock came a revulsion; he gripped his dagger firmly, and struck at O'Neil, who with the last word closed with him.

It was an awful struggle. One of the walls fell crushing in and the red fire poured in; but the combatants held on to each other. The flames and smoke formed a startling background to the tragic scene; and the household safe outside looked on in terror.

"Leave him and come down!" shouted Kendrake, and Leonora beckoned; but O'Neil made no reply. He had just obtained possession of the dagger, and Michael Ewrick was fallen to his knees.

"You are a Charnett," said O'Neil, "and this saves you from the hangman. You are a traitor to the League, and this is Chicto's mark. You are my foe, and I always kill my foes."

Each time he spoke he struck a blow, and at the third blow left the dagger in. Michael fell backward on the floor.

O'Neil left him there. O'Neil escaped by the stone staircase; and, bleeding from seven wounds, joined the group who watched the blazing pyre.

"Lord Sydney is avenged!" he said, giving Leonora an ensanguined hand; "nothing will be left of his assassin but ashes."

At that instant a thrill of horror ran through the spectators. The roof fell in, and the windows of Leonora's chamber bulged open. The face of Michael appeared, scarred and battered and blackened with smoke and burns and blows from falling rafters, grimed with charcoal and gore; but still the face of a living man.

He was struggling to release himself from the weight of a fallen beam, but he could not do it. His head was out of window so he could not suffocate; and life was so strong within him that he could not die.

"John Kendrake," said O'Neil, "it is your turn now. He is lingering in torture. Remember both your promises: one to be merciful, the other to kill. To kill is now to be merciful."

The forest keeper did not hesitate; he raised his gun.

"Stop!" said O'Neil; "let it be with this bullet."

He gave to Kendrake the one found in the door-post of the lodge; the one with which Michael had slain Lord Sydney—the bullet with a steel case.

The ramrod rang in the muzzle as it sent the ball home. Then the unerring aim was taken, and the ball from Kendrake's weapon dashed through Michael's brain.

A jet of blood spurted out, and Michael heaved with a last throe; his body disappeared in a vast red gulf. The stately pile of Charnett, the ancestral home, was a heap of ruins, a crumbled, shapeless chaos; and in its midst Michael found his grave.

* * * * * * *

Two years elapsed; a new structure rose grandly, and its master was the Count Symon Dunault, or Robert O'Neil. The regal woman leaning lovingly on his arm is Leonora, his wife.

John Kendrake is forest keeper still. Ishmael was busy at college, winning scholarly honors and dreaming of Alice.

What became of Reuben Uxley and Henri was not known. They were never seen in Charnett after the night of the fire.

* * * * * * *

It was a lonely spot in which McDonald died. His body was not discovered till Corinne and her lover were far away.

They went to Italy taking Madelen with them; and under the skies of the sunny South they were married. The memory of McDonald was their only sorrow, the only cloud upon their happiness.

The beautiful equestrienne's passionate love repaid George Gambert for what he had suffered; and his old faith renewed grew stronger.

So we leave them.

* * * * * * *

The Charnett Arms still flourishes, and the coach runs to and fro. The travelers by the Midland line very often hear sturdy old Joe Scofield's coach bugle wake the echoes of Charnett Hills.

THE END.

PIGEON MATCH.—A double match at pigeons was shot off near Toledo, O., on the 18th ult., between Jno. Davidson of Monroe, Mich., and Dave Lewis of the former place, $50 being staked on the issue. The first match was at ten double birds, 18 yards rise and 100 yards boundary, and the second at thirty single birds, 21 yards rise and 80 yards boundary. Below is the result:

Double Birds.—Davidson—10 10 11 10 10 10 10 10 00 10; total, 10. Lewis—00 11 00 10 11 11 10 10 10 11; total, 12.

Single Birds.—Davidson—111011111101011011111101001011; total, 22. Lewis—001111110001011101000110101111; total, 17.

IT IS PASSIVE SUICIDE to permit the health to be undermined, the constitution broken and the lease of life shortened by nervous complaints, constipation, billiousness, indigestion, chronic head-ache, or intermittent or remittent fevers, when it is a fact established by unquestioned evidence that HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS will prevent or remove these evils. New York Office, 36 Dey street.

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AQUATICS.

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Builder of the Fastest Boats in the Country, as well as all of Hamill's boats, also Ward's celebrated four-oared boats. Sail, Fishing and Pleasure boats built to order. Red House, 106th st., East River, N. Y.

47-3m*

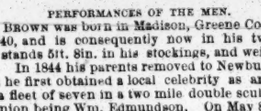
Race Boats and Spoon Oars, Shells, Sailing, Club and Fishing Boats of all descriptions, made to order and on hand. Also, Metallic Life Boats on hand and made to order, at the old Boat Shop foot of One Hundred and Fourteenth street and Harlem River, and No. 368 South street. 50 Boats on hand.

46-tf STEPHEN ROBERTS.

Nautilus Branch, No. 14 Ann street (formerly No. 1 Barclay st.), two doors from the New Herald Building.

47-tf THOMAS C. BURNS, Proprietor.

The Great American.



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Sample Hook and descriptive list sent on receipt of 15c. 51-3m*

Mahogany Shell Boats, of the most superb finish and model. We have just completed a shell to represent the United States at the Grand Paris Exposition Regatta. Club, Race, Sail, Fancy Row Boats every description, making over 100 new boats on hand. Spoon and Ash Oars, Logs of the Ingersoll Metallic Life Boat, Red, White and Blue, gratis. INGERSOLL'S Largest and Cheapest Boat and Oar Bazaar in this country. Established 1828. 243 and 244 South st., New York. 8-tf

GREAT FIVE MILE RACE

FOR THE

CHAMPIONSHIP OF AMERICA AND $2000,

BETWEEN

WALTER BROWN, OF PORTLAND, ME.,

AND

JAMES HAMILL, OF PITTSBURGH, PA.

ROWED ON THE MONONGAHELA LOWER COURSE, MAY 21.

RECORD OF THE CONTESTANTS.

A CLAIM OF FOUL MADE BY BOTH SIDES.

THE REFEREE DECIDES IN BROWN'S FAVOR.

The long pending sculling match between the two most famous oarsmen of the country—James Hamill, Champion, and Walter Brown—for the Championship and $1,000 a side in money, took place on the day originally fixed, May 21st, over the Monongahela five mile course, opposite the Smoky City, and terminated in a very unsatisfactory manner, claims of "foul" being put in by either party, and the referee, after a careful investigation, awarding the stakes to Brown. Before proceeding to give the details of the match, and in order that nothing may be lacking to render our report complete we forthwith present a concise history of the

PERFORMANCES OF THE MEN.

WALTER BROWN was born in Madison, Greene Co., N. Y., October 7th, 1840, and is consequently now in his twenty-seventh year. He stands 5ft. 8in. in his stockings, and weighs in condition 150lb. In 1844 his parents removed to Newburgh, and here it was that he first obtained a local celebrity as an oarsman, by defeating a fleet of seven in a two mile double scull race in 1858, his companion being Wm. Edmundson. On May 8th, of the following year, he vanquished Edmundson in a four mile race; time, 34:11. On the 27th of May, same year, beat Theodore Provier, four miles, in 33:00. Won double scull race, Worcester regatta, two miles, in 15:40, July 28th, 1860; beaten by John Hancon, four miles, August 23d, 1860. Won with Tim Donohoe, double scull, Poughkeepsie, five miles, in 36:15, Sept. 6th, 1860. Brown now rested on his oars until July 27th, 1864, when he carried off the second prize in the Worcester regatta, two miles, in 16:35. On June 29th of the succeeding year he undertook to pull one mile and an eighth against a six oared boat at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, for $1,000 a side, losing by seven seconds; time, 7 minutes, 7 seconds. This was his first match of importance, and the skill he displayed on that occasion caused him to be looked upon as a very promising Knight of the Sculls. He greatly added to his reputation by winning the first two mile prizes at the Portland Regatta, July 4, 1865, in 17:20, and followed it up by another victory at the Soldiers' Regatta, in Portland harbor, April 25, 1866, in 17:10. He also came off triumphant at the Fourth of July Regatta at Boston, same year, accomplishing the two miles in 17:00, and was brought prominently before the aquatic public by achieving a signal victory over the ex-champion, Josh Ward, at the Worcester Regatta, July 27, 1866, two miles, in 15:15. This unlooked for defeat at the hands of a man as yet comparatively unknown in boating circles chagrined the Cornwall hero not a little, and the following week he issued a challenge through our columns proposing to try it again for $500 a side. After the customary waste of ink they came to an understanding and signed articles to row a three mile race at Portland, Sept. 18, '66, for $1,000 a side. The result justified the confidence Walter's backers reposed in him, for he won in gallant style in 22:30. Two days afterward he competed with Josh and Gil Ward and Jno. Mekiel for the single scull prize at the Springfield Regatta, being distanced, although it was the general impression of those who witnessed the race that he could have won easily had he chosen to do so. This was his last appearance in public until the present match. Besides those enumerated above he has taken part in other races with varying success.

JAMES HAMILL is a native of Pittsburgh, Pa., having first inhaled its soot-laden air in the month of October, 1838, and has lived there, man and boy, nigh twenty-nine years. Boating has always been the favorite pastime of the denizens of that burgh, and Jimmy soon evinced a love for the sport, and by constant practice became, at an early age, quite an adept with the spruces. He engaged in a number of four-oared and double scull races previous to 1859, closing but two, and in the fall of that year commenced his career as a sculler by defeating Fred Wolfe in a three mile race; beat him again August 4th and 18th, 1860, same distance. Beat Bill Jackson, 3 miles, and was beaten by him, 1860; beat Wm. Campbell twice, three and two miles' distance, July, '61. These races were all rowed over the Monongahela course. Finding no one at home willing to try conclusions with him, he turned his attentions elsewhere and entered for the Boston regatta, July 4, '62. He was, up to this time, little known outside of his birthplace, and the hollow manner in which he pulled off the event, with Tom Doyle and other cracks for opponents—coming in so far ahead that the judges neglected to announce his arrival, thinking he had drawn out—astonished those present and at once placed him in the front rank of A 1 oarsmen. His friends, elated with his victory and confident of his invincibility, backed him against Josh Ward, the then Champion. The result was an agreement to row a three and a five mile race on consecutive days, for $500 a side each race and the Championship, on the Schuylhill, at Philadelphia, Sept. 13th and 14th, 1862. Hamill won the first event in 22:27, and the second by over 160 yards in 37:39. He attended the Beacon Regatta at Boston June 17th, '63, and with Denny Leary won the double scull prize, beating five others. Remained at the Hub until the "galorious, Fourth" when he was again successful in both single and double scull races. Met Ward again at Poughkeepsie, July 23d, '63, when he sustained defeat in 42:39, $500 a side. Challenged Ward again and they rowed over the same course for $1,000 a side, Sept. 28th, '63, Hamill winning easily in 37:55. Joshua wasn't satisfied and he found backers to pit him against the "Little Engine" once more and they met for the fifth time on the Monongahela upper course, July 19th, '64, for $500 a side, Jimmy again winning easier than ever before by over 200 yards in 40:46. Was victorious in several minor contests during the following year, his career thus far having been one of many triumphs and but two defeats, in one of which he was out of all form. No one coming forward to dispute the title of Champion with him, and confident of his ability to conquer any man breathing, he determined to make a bold effort to reach the goal of his ambition—the honor of being styled Champion of the World—in the spring of '66, he sent forth his memorable *defi* to Harry Kelley, England's Chief, and in due time articles were signed stipulating to row two races, one four miles, 775 yards, right away, and the other two and one half miles to a stake boat and return, for £250 a side each race, Hamill receiving £100 for expenses. He sailed from this port, on board the City of New York, April 21st, 1866, and arrived in Liverpool May 3d. Greatly to the astonishment and mortification of everybody on this side he was disposed off very easily in both races—a result attributable in a great measure to over-training. He returned to the States July 30th, and proceeding to Pittsburgh, settled down to work at his trade, and had well nigh given up all idea of pulling in a race again, when Brown's *defi* roused his latent spirit and he again prepared for battle.

HOW THE MATCH WAS BROUGHT ABOUT.

His brilliancy of Brown's victory over Ward at Portland gave his friends thereaway such an exalted opinion of his abilities, that they expressed their willingness to match him against any man in the world for any amount of money. The one aim and ambition of Walter was to secure the honors attaching to the Championship, and he would have issued a challenge to Hamill immediately upon the latter's return from England, had not courtesy and a feeling of sympathy for Jimmy's discouraging defeat by Kelly restrained him. He waited impatiently until the early part of November, when a direct challenge was issued to Hamill, by W. H. Clark, on behalf of Brown, proposing to row on the Charles River, for $1,000 a side. In his reply, Hamill objected to go so far away from home, thinking he had done sufficient traveling already, but stating his willingness to make a match with Brown, provided the latter put up a deposit to show that he meant business. This elicited a response from the Portlander, after which matters remained quiet for three weeks, at the end of which time the latter forwarded $250 to this office, accompanied by a fresh proposition to row Jimmy a three mile race for the championship and $2,000, give or take $300, and pull at Pittsburgh or Portland. The sandy-haired hero held that the distance for a Championship Race was five miles, and made a counter proposition to row two races, one three miles, the other five, on consecutive days, at Philadelphia, for $1,000 and $2,000 respectively, each man to defray his own expenses, at the same time covering Brown's $250. It was now too late in the season to bring the match off ere the spring of '67, and the rivals occupied their leisure time by prosecuting a war of words and firing paper bullets at each other, until Feb. 16th, '67, when, in answer to a telegram from Brown, John Hamill, for his brother, met the Maine athlete at our office, and after very little quibbling they attached their autogra.hs to the appended

ARTICLES OF AGREEMENT.

ARTICLES OF AGREEMENT entered into on Saturday, the sixteenth day of February, 1867, between Walter Brown, of Portland, Me., and James Hamill, of Pittsburgh, Pa., to row a five mile sculling race over the Pittsburgh course at Pittsburgh, for $1,000 (one thousand dollars) a side, on Tuesday, the 21st day of May, 1867, Walter Brown to receive $300 (three hundred dollars) for expenses in agreeing to go to Pittsburgh to row the race. The said race to take place between the hours of two and three o'clock P. M., on said day, if the weather is favorable and the river smooth. Should the river not be smooth, the judges to have the power to postpone said race to the first day that a smooth course can be had. Said race shall start from the Monongahela Bridge and proceed down the river two and one half miles to a stakeboat, turning from left to right and return to place of starting. The sum of $200 (two hundred and fifty dollars) a side as a forfeit is herewith placed in the hands of Frank Queen, Editor of the New York CLIPPER, who shall be final stakeholder. The balance of the money shall be placed in the hands of the stakeholder on or before the 1st of May. Either party failing, to forfeit the amount down. The judges to be appointed one day before the race.

In pursuance of this agreement we hereunto attach our names:

Witness—DENNIS LEARY. WALTER BROWN.
ED. JAMES. JAMES HAMILL.
BENJAMIN F. BRADY.

THE MEN IN TRAINING.

After sojourning in Gotham a few days, Brown returned to the City of Ruins, where he disposed of his billiard room, so that nothing might interfere with his giving his whole attention to the race, and commenced to take light preliminary work in the harbor. He returned to this city early in April, having secured the services of John Shea, of Boston, as trainer, and took his departure for the scene of action on the 13th of said month, so that he might become familiar with the course. On his arrival in Pittsburgh he found plenty of persons ready to extend a warm greeting. He became the guest of the McKee Boat Club, who accorded him the use of their boat house, and he located himself at Monterey, situate about four miles above Brownstown, on the south bank of the Monongahela—the same quarters occupied by Ward, in '64. Here he continued to do hard work until about ten days prior to the race, when he changed his base to the lower part of the river, at South Pittsburgh, which enabled him to take continual practice over the course selected. Unfortunately, a difficulty occurred between Brown and his trainer after the latter had been with him about a fortnight, resulting in a separation—Shea charging Brown with offering to sell out, and the latter denying the soft impeachment, and stating that he discharged Mr. S. because his style of training did not suit him. Fred Dierst succeeded Shea, and deserves credit for bringing his charge to the mark in such splendid physical condition.

Hamill likewise went into a systematic course of preparation for the momentous struggle early in April, remaining up to the eventful day at his old established quarters foot of Ross street, just above the suspension bridge, where he was visited by crowds of well-wishers daily. He has been under the mentorship of George Spear, of Manchester, and looked in superb form on the day of the race, although he says he finds it much more difficult to get rid of the superfluous flesh than in days agone. He was as confident as ever, however—indeed he did not seem to think it possible he could be vanquished.

THE BOATS.

Two more beautiful and chaste-looking craft never sat upon the bosom of a river, and they came in for almost as much admiration as the grand physical development of the men elicited. Hamill's was built expressly for this race by Jas. McKay, of Harlem, and its dimensions are as follows:—Length, 32 feet; width, 13½in.; weight, 29lb. Charley Elliott, of Greenpoint, L. I., constructed Brown's boat, which is 31ft 9in. long, 13½in. wide, 5ft. across outriggers, and weighs 36lb. His oars are of the English pattern, weigh 6lb each, and are 9ft 10in. long.

THE CROWD TO SEE IT.

The defamatory reports which had been extensively circulated for several weeks prior to the race, in in regard the conduct of the Diego State representative, naturally had the effect of greatly lessening the interest manifested in the event, and causing the great majority of those from a distance who had contemplated "taking it in" to give up all notion of going. The general impression among those who had watched the progress of events was, that the race would terminate unsatisfactorily, and their doleful predictions have been verified. Consequently the influx of strangers to Smoketown was rather limited, although there were a goodly number who snuffed the heavy, smoky atmosphere with aught but that complacency which evinced familiarity therewith. But the excitement in the immediate vicinity probably exceeded that exhibited in any previous trial—it was a red letter day for Pittsburgh, and everybody, of both sexes and all ages, were brimming over with anxiety to see the contest. The heavy clouds portended rain, but notwithstanding this forbidding aspect, at noon the people began to assemble rapidly along the course, and an hour later the bridge was bending beneath the weight of the mass collected upon every available portion thereof, regardless of the warnings of the toll keepers that they did so at risk of life and limb. The wharf, too, was one vast sea of heads from Smithfield to Wood streets, while the steamers and flat boats lining the shore, the windows, balconies, and even roofs of the houses were jammed with expectant humanity, and the river was studded with innumerable crafts of all sizes and shapes, dashing hither and thither in inextricable confusion. The scene was a picturesque and animated one, and it only required a clear sky to make the occasion all that one could wish. Shortly before two o'clock, the heavens opened and the storm, so long impending, broke forth. The spectators stood the pelting manfully for the space of an hour, when it increased in violence so much as to cause a general skedaddle, those only remaining who were provided with umbrellas. Just now the four-oared boats which were to accompany the men came to the judge's boat for orders and were told to proceed to their respective boat houses, and, when the rain ceased, bring their men out. A few minutes past 3 o'clock the rain ceased temporarily, and the judges issued the

CALL FOR THE MEN.

At this signal, which was hailed by cheers and screeching of steam whistles, the crowd retraced their steps and in a miraculously short space of time the ground lately almost deserted was again a surging mass of excited humanity. In answer to the call, the men made their appearance; Brown came first, accompanied by a four-oared boat manned by a crew from the McKee Club; he was attired in a dark pink shirt and tights, and wore a slouch hat and overcoat to protect him from the rain, which had again commenced to fall in torrents. His appearance was hailed with loud and prolonged cheers.

THE JUDGES AND REFEREE.

The judges chosen were Robert Elliott and Henry Coltart for Hamill, and Daniel Kinser and David Lewis for Brown. They met on the morning of the race, and after several persons had been proposed Brown's party named C. R. Caughey, a banker of Pittsburgh, who was accepted. The judges' boat was anchored below the third pier of the Monongahela bridge, and was occupied by Messrs. Caughey, Elliott and Lewis. The boat selected to be stationed at the turning point—opposite Cork's Run—was the eight oared boat Clara, manned by the Manchester crew and containing Jacob Kinzer for Brown and Henry Coltart for Hamill.

THE RACE.

As the men sat in their frail craft, with oars in position to strike the water the moment the signal was given, they were the cynosure of all eyes, and their magnificent muscular development—so well shown off by their style of dress—was the subject for criticism and admiration on all sides, the ladies, too, being scarcely less enthusiastic than their cavaliers. At exactly ten minutes past 4 o'clock the pistol flashed and ere the report rang out upon the air the tiny craft were dashing through the water with incredible speed, while the shouts of the vast multitude mingled in chorus with the shrieking of steam whistles and the ringing of bells, everybody seeming carried away by the excitement of the moment. Brown gained a slight advantage at the start, and after he had dipped his oars a score of times his prow showed a few feet in the van. The difference in style of oarsmanship was striking. Brown's resembles Ward's in the length and regularity of the strokes, but there is much more vim to it, and he certainly never bent to his work with greater will and determination than during the first part of this contest. Hamill's was the short, nervous stroke, for which he has become famous, sitting almost bolt upright, and the muscles of his arms alone being brought into play. He pulled at the rate of fifty-three strokes per minute, and powerful ones, too, sending his boat cleaving through the lumpy water at an astonishing pace. After the start had been made the reaction came upon the throng, and instead of giving vent to their enthusiasm they held their breath, so painfully intense was their interest and anxiety in the struggle so desperately waged by these rival oarsmen of the East and West. Brown, pulling grandly, succeeded in drawing his boat clear when opposite Market street, less than half a mile from the bridge, and here he crossed and took Hamill's wa er. Jimmy increased the vigor and rapidity of his strokes and steadily lessened the distance until, on reaching Liberty street, half a mile from the starting point, Hamill's bow was even with Brown's seat, and when two hundred yards more had been traversed Walter's prow was but a quarter of a length to the fore. The course pursued by the boats was now of a zig-zag nature, first swerving to one side of the river and then to the other, and several times Hamill's boat came in contact with that of his opponent, but not intentionally. At Duquesne Point, where the Allegheny and Monongahela rivers mingle their waters and form the Ohio, the current is very swift, and this is the only really difficult portion of the course. Brown's constant practice over the same had rendered him perfectly familiar with its intricacies, however, and he was at no disadvantage here.

The rain, which had commenced again a few moments after the start, and continued with unabated violence, rendered the water heavy and the management of the boats difficult. The course now diverged toward the southern shore, and as the boats swept across, locked as it were together, and approached the stake boat, Brown still leading a few feet, and taking a zig-zag direction, some thought to prevent Hamill getting past him, the excitement along the shore was tremendous. At the rolling mill on the south side, the boats were almost even, and passing the "Dump" a little way further on, where a large crowd was gathered, these positions remained unchanged. Brown now put on a magnificent spurt and succeeded in again pulling his stern even with Jimmy's bow, as he reached and darted past the buoy. Hamill made a very sharp turn, and came round nearly even with Brown, who had secured the inside position. It is alleged and admitted that Hamill fouled Brown by coming in contact with the stern of his boat in turning, but this was not claimed, perhaps because his judge had witnessed the manner in which the previous portion of the race was conducted.

The stake boat now moved up the stream with the competitors. If the manner in which the race was conducted within a mile or so of the stake, coming down, was objectionable, its character after that was equally so. At no time were the boats more than half a length apart, and here Brown is charged with pursuing a reprehensible course, proceeding in an oblique direction, crowding Jimmy to the shore, and rendering it impossible for the latter to pass him in case he had the ability to do so. Every time Brown swerved from his course he compelled his antagonist to do likewise, for if he pulled straight ahead he would come in contact with Brown's boat. Opposite Loreng's glass works, Hamill was crowded close to the cinder banks, to prevent striking which he attempted to back out and clear himself, but "tis alleged that Brown backed at the same moment and ran into Jimmy. Upon this the latter's judge called to him to quit rowing, as he claimed foul, which Hamill accordingly did, leaving Brown to pull over the course, the Pittsburgher following at his leisure.

Brown came home in 46:30. Hamill, upon reaching the judges' boat, claimed the stakes on the foul committed at the glass works. Brown likewise put in a claim of foul on account of Hamill coming in contact with him at the buoy.

INVESTIGATION OF THE FACTS.

A meeting of the judges and referee was held at the office of A. and J. Hagan, shortly after the race, for the purpose of investigating the claims of "foul." Messrs. Elliott and Coltart, on the part of Hamill, claimed the race, and Messrs. Kinzer and Lewis put in a like claim for Walter. Elliott claimed that Brown first fouled Jimmy at the foot of Market street, when he crossed his bow, contending that he was not far enough ahead and retarded Hamill by this action. This was denied by the opposite side, who asserted that Brown had a sufficient lead to do so and did not thereby interfere with his antagonist. Hamill was present at the meeting and he admitted that his boat did strike Brown's in turning the buoy, but it was not intentional, and besides he claimed that Brown had crowded him out of his course, fouled him all the way through, and hugged him so closely in turning that he was obliged to either fall back or come in contact with Brown's stern. Brown continued to keep so close to Hamill that the latter was crowded to the shore, although he appealed to Brown to keep off and let him (Hamill) take either one side or the other. At the glass house Hamill endeavored to back and get clear of Brown, but was prevented by the latter also backing and fouling him. Hamill then withdrew from the race and claimed

being apprised of Dwyer's supposed timidity, smashed in right and left at Johnny's dial, as if there previously existed some hard feeling. This suited the boys to death, for it is very seldom that Johnny gets hold of a man who will hurry him up. Hurley evidently thought he was going to knock the fight right out of Dwyer, but the latter retaliated in splendid style, slogging away left and right, bang, whang, cross-counter, upper cut and every kind of hitting, both standing up to it like two game chickens. It was a matter of who should give in first, both trying to drive each other to the wall. The second round was splendid; after a very lively skirmish, by Dwyer rushing Hurley to the stakes, and in trying to get down, Mike hit his forehead against a stake and "wolly stunned 'im," as a sanguinary Briton would designate it. After sufficient time to get around, Uncle Bill, who was as pleased as if he had another increase in the family, let them go together again this time, if possible with more wickedness than ever, and after a repetition of the former rounds, Dwyer slipped down. The fourth was another rough round, Dwyer's straight shots, which were by far the most effective, beginning to tell on him. In the fifth Dwyer peppered his reckless opponent to his utmost and ended the round by throwing Michael in gallant style. When Hurley came up for the sixth bout he looked sorry that he'd commenced it, and was pretty well played, while Dwyer, full of fight, felt like keeping it up an hour or so—this was of very short duration, though, for after exchanging a thump or two, Hurley retired, satisfied that on this occasion, if no other, Johnny Dwyer was too much for him. We hope to see them renew the struggle at Grady's benefit.

After the cessation of hostilities, the "gars" was lowered and there were prospects of a sudden termination being put to the show, but by the persuasive eloquence of the Boatman, and the exertions of Prof. Judd, who proved very handy in preserving order and pacifying the enthusiastic multitude, the meter was turned on full again, and a shout from those assembled testified their unbounded admiration, although if the proprietor had "doused the glim" entirely they might have sang another tune.

Young McGinnis and a rooster rejoicing in the appellation of the "Hoboken Clipper," reputed according to his own statement as 'aving fote four or five times in the Old Country, ye know, followed. The Hoboken youth was very gallus, and in his own opinion is no doubt what the boys call a "hell-roarer," a term very expressive but with little or no defined meaning. He tried to put it on without getting anything for it, and in the three first rounds McGinnis humored him by allowing Hoboken to chase him round, no harm being done on either side. In the fourth, McGinnis shook himself together and they got at it pretty lively, Mac's blows the straightest and being felt more than those of the Clipper—in the next round McGinnis proved himself much the cleverer of the two, and in the sixth, when McGinnis accidentally fell, Hoboken thought that a good time to leave off, and he did. If Hoboken comes over this way again he may want to try somebody else. Let him come.

Jim Fox and Billy Kelly, the latter on introduction being cheered, had a light spar of three rounds; result, "nobody hurt." Their set-to was very tame after what had preceded them, but as Kelly had not recovered from his injuries in the late fight, and was up for a benent a few days afterwards, it didn't surprise us that they sparred as they did. Fox only shows off when warmed up, and the same may be observed of Kelly. Their second round was the best. When about half through the last tapping match, Barney Aaron jumped on the stage, uncovered, and was about to speak when three rousing cheers were given in his behalf. Barney then spoke a few expressive words of thanks, terminating by earnestly requesting every body to be seated, as he had to pay for every thing that was broken. Out of respect for Barney they did sit down, but he hadn't left the stage two minutes before they were up again in their old places. Kelly and Fox then finished their interrupted bout, and walked away to make room for the Houston street notabilities.

Master Richard Hill, who if he improves as he grows will be somebody, sang his usual songs of "Nancy Fat" and "Juliana Brown," with leg accompaniment to the fiddler of Harry Hill's troupe. Richaro's *pater familias*, Harry, came along, caparisoned like a professional gymnast, and manœuvred with his Indian clubs, upon which it is unnecessary for us to dilate, having done so time and oft before.

When Johnny Grady appeared with his friend and backer, Johnny Carman, a burst of applause greeted him, and no doubt the audience almost expected a response from the little Roscommon gladiator, but he bore his honors so meekly that his actions bespoke more than any words he could say. They did'nt wait for an introduction, but as soon as his old fashioned close-cropped head was visible, the cheering commenced. Tovee was particularly delighted at the demonstration, and dwelt long and eloquently on his merits, previous to announcing that he would have a benefit in that same hall next Tuesday night. When the enthusiasm had subsided, the two Johnnies, who understood each other, and are a better match than almost any other two, put up in their old familiar form, and some of the prettiest stopping and hardest hitting took place any body would wish to see. Grady shirked from nothing, and in the three evenly contested rounds it was impossible to say who performed the best. The hitting was as solid as two of Constable Donohoe's rock blasters would have made if, only a thousand per cent more artistic and finished. Carman's right was particularly effective in crosscountering, and he spared not his companion, who also delivered some effective shots in return, and between the two they had a right merry time of it. Carman amused the Old Man and the audience too, by giving him one for his nob whenever within range, to which Tovee also put up his fins as he always does if any body makes a motion at him. It is needless to add that Grady showed no visible signs of his late extraordinary mill, but a day or two afterwards he carried a piece of court plaster on that part of his face known as the "boke," which he says was caused by Johnny Carman.

Matt Hogan, a comical looking old genius of the short breed, *sans* grinders, and Galavan, a younger and taller specimen of the genus pug, had it hot and heavy from the start, Matty's style of piling in with both hands making much fun. Galavan faced the rushes bravely, and in their three meetings they gave good satisfaction.

Johnny Hart and Barney Fitzpatrick then undertook to wrestle collar and elbow, and had a very pretty and scientific struggle, in which the points of wrestling were shown to perfection. After over ten minutes play, in which Hart, who was much the smaller of the twain, backed Fitz nearly off the stage twice, and came very near throwing him, they retired—or, rather, Barney refused to continue any longer—much to the dissatisfaction of Hart and those there and then assembled. Hart is the same young fellow who was recently matched against and threw Prof. Judd at collar and elbow and catch as catch can. He is said to be one of the best wrestlers in the country.

Barney Aaron, the *beneficiaire*, and Young Edwards next mounted the stage for the wind-up. As the former did, he was received with a round of applause which made him feel that every man in that hall wished him well. Edwards, also, got a good reception. Before entering into the tourney, Old Bill delivered a neat little eulogistic speech, being particularly sweet on the son of the famous Star of the East, an old friend of the M. C.'s as well as an old opponent with the gloves. This done, the boxers—Aaron stripped to the buff—shook hands cordially and got to work. Edwards, strong as a little bull, stood as firm as a rock, and in such a position with all eyes on his movements he gave evidence that there would be no let up on his part. After a little preliminary feinting, they commenced sending out their muscular propellors in search of a landing place, Barney doing most of the leading business, but Billy's stern front and unflinching guard made it no easy work. After numerous futile attempts, both stopping beautifully, Aaron commenced dodging around, keeping both eyes open for chances. In this way he occasionally got over Edwards' guard, but it was hard to get away with it without a return and for some minutes they gave an exceedingly clever and masterly delineation of the art. Edwards also commenced ducking, and both proved themselves up to all the tricks. When one hit the other countered and *vice versa*. Three rounds of this kind of work were very evenly contested, Barney falling off the stage once in jumping back and coming very near it a second time. Had the stage been larger it would have been more prolonged, but as it was Barney's friends were perfectly satisfied, and amid a volcano of applause at this the most interesting set-to of the evening, the men retired. Barney was as active and cunning as ever and looked in fine trim, considering the short time he has been to work. He was a little fleshy, but by the time fixed for the fight he will no doubt be as fine as a star. We have been informed that he made about $900 out of the exhibition—if so, it is the most any one man has made since Joe Coburn's last benefit at the City Assembly Rooms.

THE TWO GLADIATORS.

SAM COLLYER AND BARNEY AARON MUSCULARLY AND OTHERWISE COMPARED.

"Two handsomer men," writes a Norfolk, Va., correspondent, "never entered the ring than Barney and Sam. Consider the remark as applied to all the points that go to make up a perfect man, physically. Barney is about 31, Sam about 25. Collyer is the least mite the tallest. Put them together in fighting trim, and Aaron looks much the taller man, however. Barney has a dark complexion, and has dark hair; Sam is light and ruddy. Both have large noses and keen eyes. Shut one up, and the other becomes a diamond that resists to the last degree the cutter's attempts to reduce it; but Barney's are black and dancing, while Sam's are grey and steady. Cheek bones are prominent in both—evidence, great firmness. Barney's mouth is laughing; Sam's is determined. Barney's chin recedes, rather, whilst Sam's is a marked feature, and helps to give great length to a face that betokens strong will. Barney's arms are long, and hang loose beside his body, like two unnecessary appendages; his body is spare; he carries no guard, and is, taking him all in all, the most careless looking man I ever saw enter the ring; but there is a smile on his face and a firmness in his tread that mark his greatness as a pugilist, and give him an air of confidence to which he is justly entitled. On the other hand, Sam is closely and compactly put together. His arms are long, but do not appear out of proportion to his body as much as Barney's do. He is quick on his feet, also, but lacks the activity of his opponent. Better wind was never drawn by two humans than these possess, and, barring accident, the next fight, in my estimation, will be a terribly long one. Barney hits the quicker; but Sam puts in the heavier blow. Barney avoids punishment, and brings to his aid a nimbleness that is truly surprising. His head sits well forward, inviting attack, seemingly, and with no guard he appears a willing subject for punishment; but give him a left-hander, his head falls suddenly to one side, your blow passes harmlessly by, while his two fists are drumming into your face with a rapidity and precision that are truly astonishing. Lunge out towards his body and his feet answer where his head did before, his arms hanging carelessly, as it were, by his side. Give him a downward cut (a favorite blow of Collyer's), and he is under your arm and playing the devil's tatoo on your back before you can recover from the effect of your own effort. I've seen many quick men, but never one who raised an arm as quick as Barney Aaron.

"On the other hand, Collyer's head sits well back, and he looks business from beginning to end. His face wears a solemness that means more forcibly than words that he is going to do what he has to do, and means to make quick work of it if he can. Sam, unlike Barney, courts punishment, and accepts three, aye, five blows from even such a man as Aaron for the sake of getting one in. His blows are the united force of every bone and muscle within him, propelled by strong will, and fall with great force. Barney makes as many rounds as possible, especially if there be much in-fighting—Sam would have but one from beginning to end. In their last effort Barney closed every round but one by slipping down, when they clinched, to avoid fibbing. In the exception he floored Sam nicely. Had it been left to Sam, the flooring would have ended the first round, and the sponge would have ended the second. Sam is as confident as Barney, and has a pretty good idea of his powers of endurance, but carries less of it in his face than Barney does. Had Sam the skill that Barney possesses, he would be the smartest light weight fighter living. It is doubtful if he will ever acquire it. I don't believe his disposition is adapted to the kind of fighting that Barney does. So easy, so free, so careless, so full of mischief—a mischief blended with carelessness—that it is impossible to guard against, for none know where it lurks. All the more dangerous for that, men who are not willing to take a great deal of punishment have no business to fight with Barney Aaron, for he gives it, and, with his cat-like agility, ge's away from it. Both men are well matched, for Sam can take what Barney can give, and not feel greatly incommoded. Their powers of endurance will be tested to their utmost limit next time, and, in my opinion, the best man will win. Both are immense favorites among their respective admirers; both have good social qualities and great control of themselves; both are cool in the ring, but it is so strongly contrasted, being different styles of coolness, that, when looking at them, it seems absurd to apply the same term to them. All who want to see a fight ought to see this one. COCKATOO."

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CHAMPIONSHIP MATCH.

The first game in a series of three, having at stake the Championship of the New England States, was played on Boston Common, May 15th, between the Lowell and Harvard clubs. The former are the present possessors of the silver ball, having won it from the latter club two seasons ago, since when they have held it against the attacks of the King Philips and Granites. The assemblage of spectators numbered, it is said, over twelve thousand. The score tells the result:

LOWELL.	H.L.	R.	HARVARD.	H.L.	R.
Lovett, p	2	5	Hunnewell, p	5	6
Joslyn, 3d b	2	6	Ames, 2d b	3	4
Aldine, c f	3	4	Flagg, c	3	2
Roger, r f	3	5	Shaw, 1st b	4	1
Lowell, l f	5	3	Parker, 3d b	3	3
Sumner, 2d b	3	4	Sprague, c f	2	3
Wilder, c	3	3	Smith, l f	2	4
Jewell, 1st b	2	4	Willard, s s	3	3
Thompson, s s	4	3	Meally, r f	2	2
Total	37		Total	28	

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Lowell	3	8	0	14	1	5	3	0	3	—37
Harvard	0	4	0	0	3	10	8	1	2	—28

Umpire—E. H. Hayhurst, of the Athletic Club, of Philadelphia; Scorers—Messrs. C. L. Fuller for the Lowell, and W. Worthington for the Harvard Club. Time, 2.50.

Home runs—Lowell, 2; Harvard, 1. Passed balls—Lowell, 8; Harvard, 7. Fly-catches—Lowell, 8; Harvard, 8. The prize bat, to be given to the player making the best score was awarded to Wm. B. Joslyn. Mortimer Rogers, of New York, made two fine home runs, and was loudly applauded. Lovett, the Lowell pitcher, added to his reputation—we cannot say more. The next game will be played, according to the rules, within ten days from date of last.

BALL PLAY IN THE FAR WEST.—Omaha, N. T., is one of the most thriving towns on the Western border. Although laid out as late as 1856, it has increased in population rapidly, and has already attained to the distinction of a "fast" town, and promises ere long to become one of the great centres of the sporting community in that region. Among its fixed institutions are a base ball club, sportsman's club, race track, "keno," and others of like sort, which entitle it to consideration as a sporting town. The youth are giving more attention to base ball this year, and 'tis probable that other clubs will soon be formed. On May 5th the Omaha Club and the Fort Calhoun Club had a friendly tussle for a ball, which was won by the O's by a tally of 110 to 50. After the game was concluded the winners entertained their guests in a hospitable manner. The Omahas also defeated the Northwestern Club, of Council Bluffs, in a game played at the latter place on the 11th inst., the score of which we append:—

OMAHA.	H.L.	R.	NORTH WESTERN.	H.L.	R.
J. McCleary, s s	4	8	C. Duffey, r f	7	1
J. E. Edwards, 2d b	1	10	A. E. Brackney, c	2	5
W. H. Johnson, l f	2	9	J. McClusky, p	1	4
W. H. Clark, r f	2	6	A. Caldwell, s s	4	3
F. Lee, p	2	7	C. L. Deming, 3d b	3	3
Wm. Campbell, 3d b	4	5	D. F. Moore, 1st b	2	4
J. H. Strader, c	4	5	C. E. Ripley, 2d b	2	4
E. K. Valentine, c f	3	5	A. C. Habart, l f	5	1
J. A. Wentz, 1st b	3	6	J. C. Patterson, c f	1	4
Total	61		Total	29	

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Omaha	4	15	0	2	9	5	5	12	9	—61
North Western	1	1	3	9	6	2	1	4	2	—29

A GRAND BASE BALL MATCH, complimentary to the Horticultural Bazaar, of Philadelphia, will take place on the Athletic ground, Wednesday, June 5th. The players have been picked from eleven first class clubs of that city, and are thought to be the two best nines ever brought together. The following are their names:

Athletic.—McBride, Kleinfelder, Reach, Fisler, Wilkins, Sensenderfer.
Keystone.—Woods, Dick.
Quaker City.—Tom Pratt, Fergie Malone.
Olympic.—Fred. Richards.
West Philadelphia.—Cuthbert.
Camden.—Stinson.
Bachelor.—Macomb.
Hamilton.—Harry Graffen.
Eureka.—Theo. Bomeisler.
Harry Clay.—Pattison.
Commonwealth.—Diehl.

HIAWATHA VS. VULCAN.—These clubs, the former hailing from Kittanning, Pa., and the latter from Brady's Bend, played a match at the last named place on the 16th inst., the H's winning by a tally of 43 to 29. Although beaten, the Vulcans played very well for a young club. Messrs. Smith, McConnell, Hays and Crum, of the H's, and Harry Seandrett, of the V's, made the best scores, the latter especially distinguishing himself at second base.

THE GAME IN OHIO.—The Sippo, of Massilon, and the Stark Club, of Canton, Ohio, met in battle array on the 10th inst., the latter winning by a count of 72 to 25. The winning club was organized April 12th by the election of the following officers:—A. S. Huntington, President; G. D. Harter, Vice President; C. D. Essig, Secretary; M. Barber, Treasurer; M. D. Harter, A. J. Underhill and J. J. Maline, Directors.

ST. LAWRENCE CLUB.—The following are the officers of the St. Lawrence County, N. Y., Club:—President, Horace E. Love; Vice President, Leslie W. Russell; Secretary, J. Henry Rogers; Treasurer, W. T. Leonard; Captain First Nine, Horace E. Love; Directors, R. M. Stocking, William Miller, J. E. Barnum, H. C. Vilas, William Jardin and Milan Lewis.

WESTERN, OF BURLINGTON, IOWA.—The following are the officers of this club for the ensuing year:—President, S. W. Snow; Vice President, W. K. Williamson; Secretary, J. P. Wightman, Jr.; Treasurer, E. Shields Edgar; Directors, S. F. Rouse, A. A. Perkins and G. C. Morton. Captain of First Nine, W. K. Williamson.

IRVINGTON VS. ACTIVE.—These clubs play at Newark on the 30th May on the Eureka ground, at 3:30 P. M.

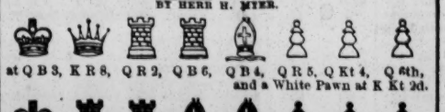
THE GAME OF CHESS.

STANLEY VS CAPT. MCKENZIE.—These two well known chess experts of New York played a rubber of three games at the New Chess Rooms, No. 456 Sixth avenue, on the 21st and 22d ult., of which Stanley won the first and McKenzie the second and third. The last played was the Evans' Gambit, the Captain having the attack, which was feebly defended by Stanley.

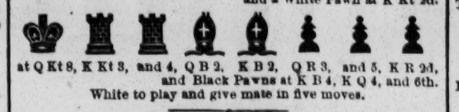
Enigma No. 580.

From the Chess Players' Magazine.

BY HERR H. MYER.



at Q B 3, K R 8, Q R 2, Q B 6, Q B 4, Q R 5, Q Kt 4, Q 6th, and a White Pawn at K Kt 2d.



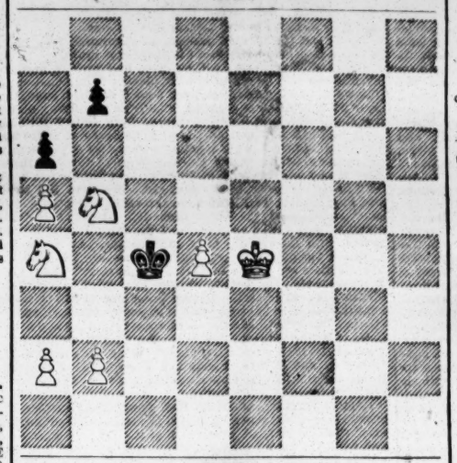
at Q Kt 8, K Kt 3, and 4, Q B 2, K B 2, Q R 3, and 5, K R 2d, and Black Pawns at K B 4, K Q 4, and 6th.

White to play and give mate in five moves.

Problem No. 580.

BY J. C. ROMEYN, ESQ.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and give mate in four moves.

Game No. 580.

Partie played some years since between our Philadelphia contributors Messrs. Reichhelm and Warner.

PETROFF'S DEFENCE.

Attack, G. Reichhelm.	Defence, J. C. Warner.	Attack, G. Reichhelm.	Defence, J. C. Warner.
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	21..K B to Kt 6	Q B to R 6
2..K Kt-B 3	K Kt-B 3	22..K R-K sq	K B-Kt 5
3..Kt × K P	P-Q 3	23..K R-K 3	Q R-Q sq
4..K Kt-B 3	Kt × K P	24..P-Q R 3	R × Q P
5..P-Q 4	P-Q 4	25..K R-K sq (e)	K B × R
6..K B-Q 3	K B-Q 3	26..Q B-K 3	B × B P +
7..Castles	Castles	27..Q B × B	Q R-Q 7
8..P-Q B 4	P-Q B 3	28..Q R-K sq	R × Kt P
9..Q-her B 2	P-K B 4	29..K B × K P	Kt × K B
10..Q-Kt 3 (a)	K-his R sq	30..Q R × Kt	R-Kt 8 +
11..Q Kt-B 3	Q P × P	31..Q B-K sq	K-Kt sq
12..K B × P	Q Kt-Q 2 (b)	32..K-his B 2	R-Kt 7 +
13..Q Kt × Kt	B P × Kt	33..K-his 3	K-his B 2
14..Kt-his 5	P-K R 3	34..R-K B 4 +	K-his 2
15..Kt B 7 +	K R × Kt	35..B-his 3	R-Q Kt 6
16..K B × R	Q-K R 5 (c)	36..K-Q 2	P-K Kt 4
17..P-K Kt 3	Q-K 2	37..R-K B 6	R × Q B
18..Q-K 6	Q-K B sq (d)	38..R × R P	R × R P
19..Q-K 8	Q × Q	39..R × Q B	P-Q Kt 4, and
20..K B × Q	Kt-K B 3	the Defence wins.	

(a) These 9th and 10th moves were first adopted in the match between Paris and Pesth, and are considered to give the Attack the better game.

(b) 12...K Kt × Kt would have been more judicious, as this move allows the Attack to win the exchange, although at a considerable sacrifice of position.

(c) An important move.

(d) This retreat enables the Defence to gain a move after the exchange of Queens.

(e) This ingenious move is his only resource.

CHEQUERS.

The Game of Checkers simplified and explained

by illustrations, 50c. W. C. WEMYSS, 575 Broadway, N.Y. 52-3m*

Game No. 7.---Vol. XV.

Between "Uncle Ned" and Mr. L.

THE BROOKLYN.

Black. Mr. L.	White. U. N.	Black. Mr. L.	White. U. N.
1..10 to 14	24 to 19	17.. 9 to 14	18 to 9
2.. 9 13(a)	22 17	18.. 5 14	25 22(c)
3..18 22	25 9	19..10 15	16 12(d)
4.. 5 14	29 25	20.. 7 10	22 17
5.. 7 10	25 22	21..15 18	23 19
6..11 15	28 18(b)	22..18 22	19 15
7..14 23	27 11	23..10 19	17 10
8.. 8 24	28 19	24..22 25	21 17
9.. 4 8	22 18	25..25 30	17 13
10.. 8 11	32 27	26..30 25	13 9
11..11 16	27 23	27..25 22	9 6
12..16 20	31 27	28..22 18	6 2
13.. 6 9	19 16	29..18 14	2 7
14..12 19	23 16	30..19 24	27 23
15.. 1 5	26 23	31..14 17. Drawn.	
16.. 2 7	30 25		

(a) This move forms the "Brooklyn." (b) War to the knife. (c) 16 to 19 would have given White the "laboring oar." (d) 22 to 17 would lose the game for White.

Solution of Position No. 11.--Vol. XV.

BY R. W. WILTON.

White.	Black.	White.	Black.
1..19 to 16	15 to 6	3..30 to 26	22 to 31
2..16 11	8 15	4..32	28, and wins.

Solution of Position No. 12.--Vol. XV.

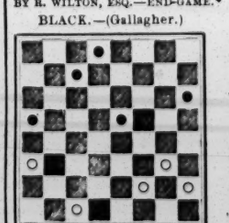
BY J. DRUMMOND.

White.	Black.	White.	Black.
1..17 to 14	9 to 18	3.. 2 to 7	3 to 10
2..13 9	5 14	4.. 6	22, and wins.

Position No. 13, Vol. XV. Position No. 14, Vol. XV.

BY R. WILTON, ESQ.—END-GAME.* BY J. DRUMMOND.

BLACK.—(Gallagher.) BLACK.



WHITE.—(Wilton.) WHITE.

White to move and win. Black to move and win.

*The above position occurred between Messrs. Wilton and Gallagher, both of this city.

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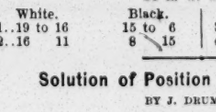

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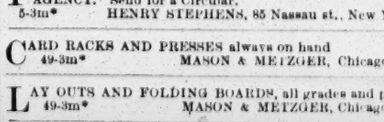

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City Summary.

MONDAY, May 27, '67.

Oh! the weather! Are we never more to have any settled weather? For every fair day follow three or four that's foul. Even Clerk Thatcher cannot keep in the traces as he traces the meteorological phenomena in his day-book; at one time he promises us "fine weather for the ensuing five days from 12 M. to-day;" and, before the first day has passed into the ocean of time, threatening clouds obscure the sun, moon and stars, and lo! and behold you, much rain descendeth on ye already soaked wayfarer. You can't even rely on the almanacs, accommodating and liberal as *they* are in their weather predictions. We have had no settled weather since Mr. Seward annexed that bit of cold, disagreeable territory on the remote borders of Russia. We *know* how it would be. Unless that slice of land is detached, we cannot again expect fair skies, refreshing breezes, or the cheerful rays of the "bright orb of day." We almost forget how the "bright orb" looks, it has been so dull of late. Let us hope on, better days *may* come when May days have departed. It is clear to-day, but how long will it continue so?..... And yet, if it is dull in this great city, what must it be outside of it? We often wonder if there is any real enjoyment anywhere but in this great metropolis; and as we have wandered through the quiet streets of other cities we have felt a sort of pity for the denizens of such places, compelled as they are to struggle on through life without having any of those enjoyments which are so rife in New York. How people exist in other cities is a puzzle to us. Haven't *you* had this sort of feeling while absent from the "City of the Soul?" as the Mexican calls New York. Here we can do *just* as we please, go *where* we please, and——"Our Jim" suggests that we can't get a legal nip on the Sabbath day, nor procure an eligible seat in any of our first class churches unless we are "in" with the sexton, or "see his hand" in a careless sort of way. Jimmy is correct. But then there are many things that we *can* do, and many places that we *may* visit without finding it necessary to "see a man." We are all like one family here. Ministers of the gospel minister to their own pleasure by taking a look at the drama on their "off nights;" and theatrical musicians and operatic singers, as a sort of "stand off," put in Sunday at some fashionable church, at a liberal salary; detectives play into the hands of burglars and pickpockets; husbands connive at the infidelity of their wives, and husband their own resources for other men's wives and daughters; we can cut, slash and shoot whomsoever we please, under the broad canopy, and so forth; we have the largest and best-filled gaols and asylums ever yoked to a similar public character; we have the "only Horace Greeley," who, to set the captive free, himself became a bond-man; we have the only High Bridge and the only Loew Bridge; Broadway, with its wealth and fashion, and respectable plunderers, butts up against the "Five Points," with its squalor, and rags, and poverty, and hardened criminals. Yes, we all sail in the same boat, and all that comes to our net is legal game. We take the stranger in, like good Samaritans, and we clean him out, like bad barbarians; we enjoy model artist exhibitions under cover, and we see physical charms at respectable theatres, at so much a head. Ah, there is but *one* New York, and our forefathers acted wisely when they put it on an island. How beautifully did the poet express it when he said:—

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land"—
My mother.

Dear, delightful New York, with all thy noise we love thee, still. .....Seen the Japs? Dear knows, but they've dumped down in pleasant places, "you bet," and the gentlemen who invented them and who run them must be very much pleased with the result of the speculation. We went to see these "children of the sun" the other day, and were introduced to the whole caboodle of them in a bunch. Like a gallant American, we said some pretty things to one of the ladies, as *we* thought, but who, in reality, was no other than Ham-Sand-wich-in-the-Cellar Kitchen—*we believe* that's what they call him—and they all gave a Japanese roar at our mistake; old No-ho-cake and Pie-anty-patti-pie being the leading spirits in this ungentlemanly demonstration. They had much the advantage of us in this interview, for while we speak good, square, plain English, that *everybody* can understand, they patter a sort of flash, outlandish dialect that no gentleman or scholar would bother with. We witnessed their show with awe and wonder, or wonder and awe, we have no time to determine which, and when the little You Bet chap swung himself loose from the proscenium and came dashing down towards us in the most dexterous manner and most Dexter-ous time on record, we sat with bated breath and eyed the lad askance. This was the closing act, and as the dark child with a light head alighted, "All Right," he cried, and in the next moment all left..... Just as children want to be Japs, or angels, or clowns, so do children of a higher grade yearn to be actors, and fret to fret a brief hour upon the mimic stage. Soothe them as we may with kind novice and well meant counsel, too, yet breaks the fever out again, and all our words are wasted. If these aspirants for histrionic fame could only see themselves as others see them, how many ruptured hearts might have remained whole, how many blighted lives averted! Once taken with the stage disease, 'tis hard to break the fever; the stage-struck youth will paddle his own canoe until it casts him high and dry on some deserted sand bank and leaves him alone in his glory. Lines illustrative of

THE FOND DELUSION,
By a Young Gentleman of this City.

"Sheer envy, by the gods! they do not know
The actor I shall make; so let them blow,
And fret and fume till they are tired;
One thing is certain—I'm inspir'd
By native genius, and (I think quite fit),
Like poor Tom Sayers must make a hit!
No man's more fitted for the boards than I:
Gaze on my figure, then my eye;
No one can say I move not without grace,
Nor that among the uglies in my face.
My voice! I've school'd that very well
By feigning tenderness, then passion's swell,
As on the hills and meads I've oft gone out,
And practis'd both a whisper and a shout;
And then, beneath the pleasant shine,
The browsing donkies, friends have seem'd of mine."
So spoke young Junius, in his ardency,
When he as great as Forrest thought he'd be.
And there were those who credited his speech—
At least, that part that to the donkies reached.

.....Country people are very green at times, ain't they? A few evenings ago we visited the Broadway Theatre to see Hackett do Falstaff. Before us sat a buxom country lass, and by her side "her feller." When came the fat knight on the stage, loud roared the country maiden, and he of masculine prectiv. joined in the laughter gently. "I declare," said she, in gushing tones, "ain't he a good old squash though?" At which her feller laughed outright, and all around did snicker. "I think," said he, with trumpet tongue, "he's much more like some punkins." At which they both in concert roared, and Hackett felt uneasy. "I do *detest* such fat old squabs," the verdant lass suggested; "he's worse than any soap fat man that ever came to our village." "I do, and I'd seen the chap before," broke in the lout beside her; "he's Barnum's fat man, just turned loose; and if I do guess rightly, last summer, up at Barnum's show, I saw him sweating nightly." Such, beloved friends, is the end of man's ambition, and such—most potent, grave, and reverend seigneurs—is fame!

Leo Hudson, whose well formed limbs and pleasing shape have made her most attractive, has been secured for the Museum, where she opens this evening as Mazeppa. Leo is a dashing equestrienne actress, and may assist in reviving the fortunes of this establishment, which, since Barnum has taken in a number of partners, has not thriven so blithely as before.

Boothill Dawson, the tragedian of the German persuasion, who came among us months ago, and made his mark here and elsewhere—and who played high Dutch to Edwin Booth's plain English—has gone to his fatherland, having sailed in the steamship City of New York on the 23d of May. Farewell, Bogy; to all thy German greatness, a short farewell.

Joe. Proctor, who years gone by made Rome howl, and roared most excellent well in Ralph Stackpole, opened an engagement at the Old Bowery, on Monday evening, May 20th, supported by Mrs. W. G. Jones, J. B. Nunan and others. The engagement continues the current week.

The "Black Japs" make a great deal of merriment for the patrons of Griffin and Christy's Minstrels, and those who need a little shaking up after a diversified and unctuous dinner should visit the Fifth Avenue Opera House while this funny act is on. A lesson, too, may be learned by bashful lovers, if they will but give heed to the doings of the "Statue Lovers," as exhibited at this hall.

"Treasure Trove" was produced for the first time at the Olympic Theatre on May 21st to a crowded house, repeated during the week to excellent business, and is announced to be continued until further notice. It is a great success, and should enjoy a lengthy run. It has been placed upon the stage in a praiseworthy manner; in fact, it is the best thing Mr. Grover has done during his management. The scenic effects, which are very fine, reflect the highest credit upon the artists, Messrs. Strong, Heald and Hayes. The march of the convicts to supper, in the prologue, is effectively done. The view of the grounds of Union Hotel, Saratoga, with the Opera House in the distance, is very life-like. The scene represents the band playing in the centre of the grounds, while ladies, gentlemen and children are walking, playing and sitting upon the corridors of the hotel. The setting in of night and the illuminating of the grounds and the Opera House is well done. This scene affords several members of the company an opportunity to inoulge in a little sport, such as telling stories and a free fight, in which the Yankee whips the "Hinglishman." Scene third in act first—representing the "Falls of the Canagaga"—for scenic and mechanical effects is very good; when the curtain fell on this scene the applause was so great that the curtain was raised on it each evening. The interior view of the "Stock Exchange," which is as truthfully portrayed as could be on the stage, is a very exciting scene. The views of the *Herald* building and Loew brioge are also faithfully represented on canvas. In this scene six newsboys appear and execute a clog dance. The play was well cast, and each and every one did their best to ensure the success of the piece. Mr. Whalley was satisfactory as the convict; Geo. Clarke was very good as the Surgeon; and Stuart Robson was provocative of much laughter as Larry. Belville Ryan played an English cockney to the life, while Kate Newton looked and acted charmingly as Grace. Mrs. Eldridge as the lady who, with book in hand, is constantly asking for charity for different purposes, was very acceptable. Mrs. Mark Smith as a Saratoga belle, Amelia Harris, with a daughter to marry, and Lillie Eldridge as that daughter, were all acceptably in their *roles*. Alice Harrison is a pert little chambermaid actress, and although having little to do she made a favorable impression. Harry Wall, C. Fyffe, John Boyd and J. M. Ward were well up in their respective *roles*. Several writers for the press in this city, in noticing this piece, have pitched into it most unmercifully, finding fault with everything, being unable to see the least merit in it whatever. They blame the manager for offering his patrons "such a mess of stuff," and find fault because a horse has been introduced on the stage, also the boys in a clog dance. How absurd it is for the "critcks" to attack a manager in such a manner. We should like to see the manager that would conduct his theatre in any other manner than that which should prove the most profitable. Writers are constantly talking about the "decline of the drama," and the superseding of the legitimate by the sensational. Managers have found to their sorrow that if they depend entirely upon the legitimate they will starve to death. Who would have supposed that Wallack's Theatre—"the home of the refined," and "temple of the legitimate drama"—would have furnished its patrons with a piece like the "Flying Scud," depending for its success upon a bevy of half stripped *ballet* girls, a horse, and a fair scene, wherein are introduced an organ grinder with a live monkey, a gymnast, five minstrel performers, a Punch and Judy show, and many others too numerous to mention? Wallack produced several of the finest old English comedies that were ever written to almost empty benches; and seeing by the success of the "Black Crook" what was most suited to the public taste, he produced this piece, and the house has been crowded every night as it had not been for many months. Other managers have stuck to the "legitimate" with great loss. Even the sacred drama would not go down at the Museum, and we find "Mazeppa" occupying the boards of this house. Managers open a theatre for the sake of making money, and not to "elevate the drama;" and when they find that one style of pieces will not attract, they are justified in producing what *will* draw and what the public most want. It is to the public at large that a manager caters, and not for a few interested dramatic authors. Fortunately for our readers we do not have an ambitious wife whom we are anxious to have some manager engage as a leading actress for his establishment. Neither are we a young and aspiring dramatist with a host of old French and German plays which we have translated and are anxious to sell to any manager, and as desirous to see produced. Nor are we in love with any pretty but mediocre actress that we are anxious for some manager to engage. We stand alone, without fear, and asking no favor from any manager, which position gives us the privilege of saying just what we think. How many are there connected with the dramatic department of our city papers that can say as much?

Boothroyd Fairclough, a tragedian of considerable reputation in the Western country, but who of late years has seldom appeared in this city, commenced an engagement at the French Theatre on May 20th, opening in "Hamlet." We were agreeably disappointed at his rendition, for we entered the theatre with many misgivings as to his being able to give even a respectable performance of this, one of the most difficult of Shakespearean characters. But before he had finished his first act, we found it replete with so many beauties that we became deeply interested, and this interest was kept up throughout the entire play. It is not our intention to draw a comparison between him and Mr. Booth, as many have done, for while the latter gentleman's impersonation of this *role* is marked with many beauties, it also has many faults. We do not consider it in all cases a just or fair way of noticing the performance of any actor, by comparing him with another. Every performer expects (or ought to expect) that he will be praised or censured according to the truth of his personations, without reference to others. In representing this character Mr. Fairclough gave us one of the most refined, intellectual, deeply studied and highly satisfactory characterizations that has been witnessed on the New York boards for some time. He possesses a majestic figure, and his readings are all well given. His soliloquies were finely rendered, and elicited considerable applause. In his first interview with Rosencranz and Guildenstern, he was inimitable in the colloquial familiarity he assumed when engaged with them, together with the striking manner of bursting forth into that beautiful apostrophe, beginning: "What a piece of work is man!" It was pre-eminently excellent. His manner of delivering part of the speech of Eneas' tale to Dido, was natural and correct. "To be, or not to be," was beautifully and impressively delivered. The closet scene with his mother, one of the most difficult parts of the tragedy, was given with a naturalness and correctness that brought forth tremendous applause. Throughout the last act he was chaste, correct, and impressive. He was enthusiastically received, and the spectators seemed unusually satisfied with his performance throughout. The house was densely crowded, and he was called before the curtain several times. "Hamlet" was repeated on the 21st and 22d, and "Richelieu" on the 23d.

A Good Sign.—"Standing Room Only" has been posted at the entrance door of Kelly and Leon's Minstrel Hall every night the past two weeks before the performance commenced. This shows a healthy state of affairs. Constantly on the *qui vive* for something that will please their patrons, the managers seize upon all the local topics of the day, and work them up at the earliest moment. Their last burlesque on the Japs is the invention of Mr. Leon himself, and it is creditable to him, for it is the best thing of the kind done in burnt cork for a long time. It has proved the most successful affair they have yet produced. New features are constantly introduced in it. Last week Nelse Seymour did the top spinning business equal to the real Japs. He wound a common top with string, and throwing it into the air caught it on his hand, and placing it upon the blade of a long wooden sword made it spin from the handle to the very point. It was very well done, indeed. The burlesque of "Cinderleon" is as popular as ever, and nightly causes roars of laughter. It is now in its twenty-fifth week.

"Fra Diavolo" and "Cinderella" were performed all last week by the Worrell Sisters at their cozy little theatre. In the first piece Sophie appeared as the rollicking Marquis, dressing and acting the part to the delight of all. She makes a dashing young man. Jennie was rather out of her element as Lady Allcash. The character was entirely too quiet for her. Irene was in her element as Zerlina. Mr. T. L. Donnelly—with the exception of being too boisterous—made a good Beppo. Mr. J. C. Dunn is a valuable acquisition to any company. Possessing a good voice, he sings whatever he attempts with considerable feeling, and generally receives a hearty *encore*. Besides being a good vocalist he is a clever actor. "Cinderella" affords a better opportunity for the Sisters to appear to advantage than any other burlesque they have yet produced. The "Bronze Horse," now in active preparation, will be presented as soon as possible.

Ada Clare, well known in literary circles in this city, has been trying her hand at acting the past season. For the past seven months she has been in the "stock" at the New Memphis Theatre, under the name of Agnes Stanfield. She returned to this city last week.

Sailed.—George, William and Alfred Hanlon, accompanied by their agent, M. Simmonds, sailed for Liverpool in the steamer City of Boston, on May 25th. The other brothers are already in Europe.

M. Campbell, long known as manager and singer among minstrel organizations, is to have a testimonial benefit at the Old Bowery, on Monday afternoon next, June 3d. Many volunteers will appear on the occasion.

The San Francisco Minstrels know how to get up a good programme as well as how to perform it. Each local event is touched upon in dark colors, and new ballads weekly added to their list. In fun or sentiment, in vocalization or instrumentation, the boys of Frisco keep up the interest of their entertainment, and thereby gain the popular favor.

Manager Lingard has determined to alter his style of entertainment at his theatre on Broadway, and accordingly commences this evening with a full dramatic company, with Fanny Herring as leading lady. The play announced is "Lysiah, the Abandoned." It is just four weeks since Mr. Lingard opened this establishment with a variety company. The first week business was good, since which time we doubt if the receipts have met the daily expenses. In some instances Mr. Lingard's company was good, in others below mediocrity. The fact is he would not cater for that class of people that visit a variety place of amusement, but looked for a more refined class, and as his entertainment was not suitable for either, owing to its being about half and half, his patronage was limited. The youth, who patronize these places in large numbers, found portions of the entertainment a little too refined to suit their taste, and those ladies and gentlemen who went to see a legitimate performance also found some of the acts not exactly what they wanted. Mr. Lingard has had just enough experience in the business to see that it requires more real hard work, and that it is far more difficult to run successfully a variety place of amusement than a first class theatre. The variety company appeared for the last time on May 25th. On Friday afternoon, the 24th, Johnny Allen took a benefit and had a fine attendance. In addition to the regular company, Geo. Coes, S. S. Purdy, Geo. McDonald, Johnny Wild, Billy Sheppard and Hughy Dougherty volunteered.

Tony Pastor is up and doing at all times with the latest novelties for his patrons at his favorite place of amusement in the Bowery. Miss Melinda Nagle, a *danseuse* of considerable reputation in Philadelphia, made her *debut* at this establishment on May 20th, and appeared each evening during the week in fancy and jig dancing. She is very pleasing in appearance, and a clever mistress of her art. This week a Hibernian drama called "MacMurrough's Sword" is to be produced. Next week one of the most attractive entertainments ever placed upon the boards of this establishment will be offered, Prof. Tanner, who has lately returned to this country from Europe with a fine collection of performing dogs and monkeys having been secured. John Poole, who possesses a wonderfully fertile imagination, has invented, contrived, written and prepared a local burlesque called "The White Crook." During the action of this burlesque there will be introduced scenes from "The Black Crook," "Cendrillon" and "The Flying Scud." There will be a female Jockey Dance, as well as a march and drill of all the male members of the company dressed as female policemen. There will be a view of the police headquarters in Mulberry street, Union Square, Broadway and other places of note. It will contain hits at all the popular topics of the day.

"The Black Crook," notwithstanding it has attracted, for nine consecutive months, the largest audiences ever before seen within the walls of any theatre, is as popular to-day as it was when first produced. No play has caused such an excitement, notwithstanding the fulminations of the moral and religious press of the country. This evening many changes take place in the action of the piece. The principal feature will be an illuminated ball-room, introducing a grand carnival and masquerade. During this scene there will be introduced "The Procession of Punchinellos," "Dance La Postilion," "Carnival Waltz," "Tarantella Dance," and terminating with a new Amazonian march by the ladies of the *ballet*, in new costumes. This will occur in the third act. The terpsichorean department has been considerably strengthened by the addition of M'lle Pagani, from Milan; M'lle Setti, from Naples; the Sisters Riemensberg, from Berlin; M'lle Kuriz, from Hamburg; M'lles Rose, Bertne, Gabrielle, Amalia, Lotti, Leoni and Artois, from Paris; Lizzie Keiser, Amy Bennett, Charlotte Howard, Blanche Williams, Laura Austin, and others, from London, who will make their bow in this country this evening in new dances and the new *ballets* of "The Boquet" and "The Water Lilly." Costumes have been made for the entire *corps de ballet*, and to commemorate the two hundred and sixtieth performance of "The Black Crook."

The Alleghanians and Swiss Bell Ringers, who have been singing all over the world, through South America and the islands of the South Sea, astonishing all by their wonderful performances, commence a brief stay in this city on June 10th, at Irving Hall. All who delight in excellent part-singing in particular, and in briskly conducted and well sustained entertainments in general, should visit the Alleghanians.

James H. Hackett terminated his two weeks' engagement at the Broadway Theatre on May 25, and is followed this evening by Lucille Western in "East Lynne." During the past week Mr. Hackett appeared in "King Henry Fourth" and "Merry Wives of Windsor."

The "Invisible Prince" and "Cinderella" constitute the bill of fare offered the current week by the Worrell Sisters.

The Japs continue to crowd the Academy of Music to repletion every night. They performed at the Brooklyn Academy of Music on Friday afternoon of the past week, and the building was crowded. This week they change their bill and promise several acts never before seen in this country.

H. Wells, the talented dancer, pantomimist, etc., may be addressed as per advertisement in another column.

Chase's Minstrels, in their new hall on the corner of 8th avenue and 34th street, have been playing to fair business during the week. In trying to establish a good minstrel band, the manager has had much to contend with from the fly-by-night country shows which, at different times, have settled for a night or so in that hall and then vanished, to be heard of never more for ever. Mr. Chase has got together a clever set of performers, and when the west side public become aware of the fact there is no reason why a permanent institution there should not be equally as well supported as those elsewhere. We gave the boys a call one evening last week, and were agreeably surprised at the character and tone of the entertainment. There are a dozen performers, with S. S. Purdy on the bone end, Hughy Dougherty, tambo, and George H. Coes, interlocutor. An attractive programme was offered every night last week. The names of the other artists are Walter Fields, Fred. Barker, Collins, Goodwin, Burchard, etc., and better workers or a more harmonious combination is seldom seen. Hughy Dougherty is full of talent, and kept the house in a roar with his jokes, singing, and stump speech. Purdy's ballads were ludicrously amusing and his actions those of a true cork-onian artist. Burchard's ventriloquism act pleased the little ones exceedingly, while the ballad singing of Geo. Coes and Messrs Fields and Barker was very creditable. In all, the company is a good one, and worthy of all the patronage that can be bestowed on it.

Robert Butler, of Music Hall fame, has considerably improved the appearance of Bryants' Minstrel Hall during the brief time he has had possession of it. He has torn away the two flights of stairs that led to the gallery from the parquet, and an entrance is made from the lobby. This makes more room in the parquet. All the seats have been torn up in the gallery and more seating room made. The auditorium has been well scoured and painted, as it was sadly in need of it, and new matting laid. All the seats have been washed, painted, and those that needed upholstering have been attended to. Mr. Butler intends opening on June 3d with a first class variety company, and now that Mr. Lingard has dropped the variety business, he will have Broadway and the west side of the town to himself, so far as the variety business is concerned.

A Dramatic Company is at present forming in this city, and expect to give their first show in Troy, N. Y, on June 10th. It is to be a first class burlesque company, and the pieces to be produced are "Dreams of Delusion," "Fra Diavolo," "Cinderella," "Aladdin," "Too Much For Good Nature," etc. M. W. Leffingwell, one of the best burlesque actors on the stage, will be the feature of the company. Mr. McCluskey, E. Eberle, Maurice Pike, Mrs. Maurice Pike (Millie Sackett), and Fred. Woodhull, are also in the organization.

Madeline Louise Henriques, daughter of D. M. Henriques, and well known as one of the brightest stars lately connected with the Wallackian luminary in this city, was married in this city on Saturday morning, May 25th, by the Rev. Dr. Weston, of Trinity Church, to Louis J. Jennings, the American correspondent of the London *Times*. They sailed the same day for Europe.

Peter C. Byrne, well known in the profession, particularly in the West, where he has filled the position of leading man for several seasons, died in this city on May 23d, at the residence of Hotchkiss Lake, 51 Morton street. His funeral took place on May 24. He was in his forty-fifth year.

Arrived.—Wm. Kingsbury (husband of Alice, the "Elfin Star") and Chas. P. Buckley, stage carpenter at Maguire's Opera House, San Francisco, for thirteen years, arrived from the Golden State on May 25.

Quite a number of managers have already come to town in search of additions to their companies, and to close their arrangements with stars for the approaching fall and winter season. Others, we are informed, will not visit the city this summer, having entrusted their business with the International Agency, conducted by Corbyn & Wall. This is as it should be. Dramatic agencies are started for that purpose, and managers should give them their patronage.

The firm of Rivers & Co., established in this city for a long time as dramatic agents, and who have lately changed their office from 25 to 13 West Houston street, continue to devote their whole time to the wants of managers and members connected with every description of show business. In this issue of the Clipper they announce that they are the agents for Kate Fisher, Butler's American Theatre, this city; Geo. Deagle's Varieties, St. Louis; together with many other popular places throughout the country. Managers visiting the city for performers, and professionals in want of a position, should bear in mind this firm.

Fanny Morgan Phelps leaves this city on May 28 for Halifax, N. S., where she is to commence an engagement on June 3d under the management of Moses Fiske.

Off.—Mr. and Mrs. Frank Bates, who lately played an engagement in this city, sailed for California last week, accompanied by Mr. Brower, their business manager.

"The Flying Scud," the latest sensation at Wallack's Theatre, continues to attract crowded houses. The enthusiasm over the Derby race, in the second act, is only equalled by that witnessed at Jerome Park, as the winner of a great race dashes past the judges' stand amid the plaudits of the lookers on. Those who have not seen this great hit should visit Wallack's Theatre at the earliest opportunity.

Dramatic.

In Washington, D. C., the Richings English Opera Troupe continue at the National Theatre. Mr. Henry C. Peakes was the recipient of a benefit on the 17th ult., the receipts nearly reaching $1,400. Our correspondent, "Novice," writes:—"The success of the troupe thus far has exceeded the anticipations of the management. It was thought by many knowing ones that the company would have to work to struggle through the twelve nights, but so large has been the business that Signor Blitz, the Magician, has been induced to defer his engagement for one week, to enable the Richings to stay six nights longer. On the afternoon of the 18th the 'Doctor of Alcantara' was given to a small house. In the evening, Donizetti's opera, the 'Daughter of the Regiment,' was given. Auber's celebrated production, the 'Crown Diamonds,' was given on the 20th. Bellini's charming opera, 'La Somnambula,' was produced to a large house on the 21st, although it rained during the entire day and evening. It was designed to repeat the 'Crown Diamonds' on the 22d, but the 'Bohemian Girl' attracted such an enthusiastic audience on the 17th that the programme was changed, and the 'Bohemian Girl' was repeated to a very brilliant and crowded audience, whose appreciative applause, long and repeated, testified their enjoyment. Miss Richings and Messrs. Campbell, Castle and Peakes sang with spirit. On the 23d the spectacular opera, the 'Enchantress,' was beautifully rendered; much of the scenery was gotten up expressly for the piece, and reflected credit on the scenic artist of the theatre, Mr. Lamb. The 'Enchantress' is announced for the remainder of the week. On the 27th 'Linda di Chamounix' will be offered.....Personal—I regret to state that Mr. W. W. Jeffries, comedian, who has been a prominent member of the National Theatre stock company during the past season, is lying very low, and as his physicians can do no more for him, his recovery is considered doubtful. Consumption is Mr. Jeffries' ailment."

Francisco Stansellie, whose specialties are eccentric character and second old man, advertises in another column for an engagement.

The Academy of Music at Omaha, N. T., is enjoying a full tide of success, we are told, and Manager Corri is said to be perfectly satisfied with business. "The Ticket of Leave Man," "Sea of Ice," and "Streets of New York" have been successfully produced, with Clara Walters, the leading lady of the company, in the principal female *roles*.

Ben Young, well known in Philadelphia as one of the members of the company at the Walnut Street Theatre for many years, intends starring next season.

Frost's Dramatic Company collapsed at Portsmouth, Ohio, on May 8. One of the company, who has found his way back to this city, informs us that Mr. Frost ran away from the company, leaving them at the hotel in Portsmouth with several days' board bill to pay, and get home the best way they could. He thinks that such managers should be shown up.

Katie Fisher is at the Academy of Music, Albany, N. Y., the current week, playing "Mazeppa."

The Dramatic Season at Waller's Opera House, Newark, N. J., was brought to a close on May 20th with a complimentary benefit tendered to Mr. and Mrs. Waller by the citizens of that city. Our correspondent, "Rover," says:—"The benefit was a grand affair, the house being crowded and the performance excellent. 'The Hunchback' and the petite comedy of 'Perfection' were the pieces, with Mr. D. W. Waller as Master Walter, and Mrs. Emma Waller as Julia. Mr. and Mrs. Barrett rendered effective aid to the success of the performance. Mr. and Mrs. Waller were called before the curtain at the close of the performance, and Mr. Waller, in a brief speech, thanked the audience for their kindness to him during the season, and for the flattering testimonial given him. They retired amid loud applause. Loud calls were made for Mr. and Mrs. Barrett, who came before the curtain amid deafening applause. It was some time before Mr. Barrett could speak, so great was the enthusiasm. He made a few neat and appropriate remarks, and retired amid three rousing cheers. Thus ended the most successful dramatic season ever held in Newark. Mr. Waller intends opening the Opera House on or about the 1st of September."

Sherry's New York Theatre Company, a very popular traveling troupe, has commenced its third annual tour. On the 22d May they performed "The Long Strike" to a large and appreciative audience at Binghamton, N. Y. For a list of this talented troupe see advertisement elsewhere.

"Cinderella" continues on the boards of the Continental, Boston. Fanny Davenport has made quite a hit as Dandini. Her acting, singing and dressing for the *role* are all highly spoken of. Kitty Blanchard is gay and festive as the Prince, and Mrs. Moore is said to play Cinderella with much gusto. This is the last week of "Cinderella." Kate Reignolds commences an engagement on June 3d, in Olive Logan's drama of "Armadale."

Maggie Mitchell terminated her engagement at the Howard Athenæum, Boston, on May 25th, and is followed this week by Dan Bryant, who opens in "Born to Good Luck" and "Handy Andy."

The Japanese Troupe—the Wilder party—occupy Crosby Opera House, Chicago, this week.

F. S. Chanfrau continues at McVicker's Theatre, Chicago. The "Streets of New York" was on the bills the past week.

From the Pacific Slope we have the following from our correspondent, under date of San Francisco, April 29th:—"The past two weeks may with justice be called the 'Hook Rook and Crook' weeks. The different theatres have got hold of the original 'Black Crook' some way or other, and transformed the name and some of the main incidents. The Opera House took the lead and opened week before last with 'The Hook Crook,' written by Charles Barras, and produced at Niblo's by Wheatley. This so incensed the management of the Metropolitan Theatre, that they, on Tuesday evening, at 7 o'clock, procured an injunction from Judge Ready, of the U. S. Circuit Court, prohibiting the Opera House from performing the 'Black Crook,' because the Metropolitan claimed it, and that the Opera House had by unfair means procured a copy. Here was a muss indeed! But Charles Tibbetts, the manager of the Opera House, procured bail, and having taken Sallie Hinckley (who was already behind the scenes half dressed for the play,) before the learned judge, she asserted that the 'Black Crook' performed at the Opera House was similar to the 'Crook' played at Niblo's, where she had seen it in December. The judge released them on bail, and at half-past eight the curtain was raised. The next day Tibbetts got up a counter injunction, and on Thursday the case came up for hearing. Paul Martinetti testified that he had bought from Schonberg, the dramatist, the copyright of a spectacular play called the 'Black Rook;' that the management of the Opera House by 'hook or crook' had got hold of the 'Rook,' and claimed that in performing it they infringed on his copyright. Different persons corroborated his statement. Sallie Hinckley, for the Opera House, repeated her statement of the previous evening, while Chas. Tibbetts stated that Mr. Maguire had bought the copyright of the 'Black Crook' from Mr. Barras, its author, and the 'Black Rook' to be played at the Metropolitan was a word for word copy of that play. After having heard the evidence, the judge denied both injunctions. The 'Black Crook,' as performed at the Opera House, is, with the exception of the *ballet*, far superior to the Metropolitan 'Crook;' the scenery is really gorgeous; it is brought out with a splendor entirely regardless of expense, and reflects great credit on Mr. Graves, the enterprising stage manager, who took a well deserved and well attended benefit on Thursday. Mr. Torning, the scenic artist, also deserves great credit. Miss Sophie Edwin enacts the leading part; Harry Edwards' Black Crook was all that could be made out of the part; Harry Jackson was Greppo, and Willie Edouins, Dragonfin; Miss Hinckley's Rodolphe was an excellent display of a pair of well formed legs. Miss Helen Western's arrival forced the management to withdraw the 'Crook' on Saturday last.....At the Metropolitan the 'Rook' is badly put on. It will not do to be too close when you put a spectacular play upon the stage. The 'Rook' is a very sombre affair indeed, though the Martinettis do all in their power to make the piece attractive. Miss Jennie Parker plays the part which Miss Sophie Edwin plays at the Opera House, and as she (Miss P.) is both handsome and well formed, she gives satisfaction.....Miss Helen Western arrived on the last steamer (25th of April). She will open to-night as Cynthia, in 'Flowers of the Forest.' Miss Western is a very handsome lady, and will no doubt prove a paying card for the Opera House. She is accompanied by her husband, Mr. J. A. Herne, who will make his first appearance on Tuesday in 'Satan in Paris'.....Mr. Kingsbury, ex-husband of Alice Kingsbury (who sued for a divorce), left on the opposition steamer for New York, a sadder and wiser man no doubt. Miss Kingsbury is at present playing at Piper's Opera House, Virginia City.....Mrs. Ottillie Genee, a German actress of reputed talent, will make her first appearance at the American Theatre, supported by a German company of little talent.....At the Olympic, Miss Grace Darley is the reigning star. The 'Black Hook,' a burlesque on the 'Crook,' has drawn large audiences."

At the Theatre Royal, Montreal, C. E., succeeding the Adelaide Ristori *furore*, the New York French company, led by Monsieur et Madame Lormet and the veteran Edgar, are in the farewell nights of a profitable and satisfactory season. The citizens of Quebec will now have an opportunity of enjoying their sparkling performances, as they proceed thither immediately. On June 3d J. W. Buckland and manager Vining Bowers commence the regular season, which promises, this year, to be particularly brilliant. Among the names engaged are Vining Bowers, T. Placide, James Carden, Chas. Walcot, jr., F. Mackay, Mark Brooke, J. Gobay, S. J. Barth, C. Hilhard, L. Drew, E. B. Dennison, Celia Logan, Emma Cline, Mrs. Chas. Walcot, jr., Mrs. C. Hill, Mrs. Dennison, and T. S. Cline, stage director. According to the programme, the most popular and attractive stars and latest novelties will follow each other in quick succession.

"The Black Crook" is still drawing fashionable audiences at the Opera House, Pittsburgh, where it has proved a great success. The "Demon Dance" was added to the attraction last week. It will be produced until further notice.

At the Academy of Music, Pittsburgh, Jas. E. Murdoch is drawing fine audiences. Our correspondent, "Richelieu," says: "On Monday evening, May 20th, the comedy of 'Money' was produced for Mr. Murdoch's benefit. A large and fashionable audience was in attendance to witness his excellent rendition of Alfred Evelyn, for which he was warmly applauded during the evening. On the 21st the comedy of 'Wine Works Wonders' was produced in an elegant manner, with Mr. Murdoch as Young Mirabel. On the 22d 'Much Ado About Nothing' was produced, when the attendance was quite large, notwithstanding the incl

I was traveling with Burton's Circus when they arrived, I received a letter from my old friend Wilson requesting me down to Melbourne, for he had gone ahead of the company ake arrangements to play there. I did so, and Wilson made greements with Jim Simmonds to play at the Haymarket tre under the following terms: Wilson was to give forty- performances, for which he was to receive £4,200, if it came and Simmonds was to have all that was taken over that unt for the use of the theatre. The consequence was that monds never struck oil, and in fact the company did not do Wilson went from Melbourne to Adelaide, and lost money ; came back to Melbourne, chartered a vessel and sailed eylon, on his way to Bombay, leaving Ross, Carlow and Jim e behind, and getting out of the scrape as no man but John on could. Cooke, and Sam Able, who was ring master for on, have a small concern traveling in New Zealand. I k they are making tucker, and that is about all..... or Raphael Abecco (the fat harp player and singer), Ross, ow, Tommy Peel, the jig dancer, and Fanny Brown are also eling here. They style themselves the "Marvels of Peru." a marvel to me how they get through the country, for there o many of them, and traveling expenses are so high, that cannot possibly make a cent. The gay Fanny is doing zeppa," but it don't wash here, whatever they may think of Frisco or London. Yours, respectfully, HARRY BARTINE.

AIGHT AND CHAMBERS' CIRCUS exhibited in Pittsburgh all last k to pretty good business. They are traveling by boat, and e to go back to Cairo, Ill., visiting all the principal points on river. It is yet undecided whether they will take the Mis- ri or Mississippi river from Cairo. Sam Rhinehart is with concern, and we are told that his leaping is one of the biggest ures of the show. At Wheeling, Va., on the 17th, he turned mersault over twelve horses, clearing them three feet. He rwards turned a diving somersault over a single horse placed distance of twenty four feet from the leaping board. He rwards turned a double somersault. If Sammy keeps on this he car challenge the world.

OREPAUGH'S MENAGERIE AND CIRCUS exhibited in Brooklyn May 20th, 21st and 22d, and notwithstanding it rained every the attendance was good each afternoon, and so great evening, that, with all their seats as well as "extras" to the o of the ring, the canvas could not accommodate all that ap- d for admission. We visited the concern on the 22d, and an "inside view" of everything attached to the establish- nt. The canvas is the largest spread by any traveling show this country. It is a 120 feet round top with two forty feet tre pieces. There are sixteen quarter poles and three tre poles. When the canvas is spread it covers more ground n Van Amburgh's, notwithstanding they have four centre es. There are twenty-two cages of animals, consisting of the dsomest lions, tigers, bears, leopards, birds, monkeys, nesses and others, that we ever saw in any exhibition. One at beauty about this collection is they are all young, full of and not like other menageries, too old and lazy to sit up. e cages are all new, and painted very handsomely. They re gotton up in Philadelphia, and are as good as any we have o built in any other city. The performing den consists of ee young leopards, a young and ferocious lion, and one of pretriest tigers we have yet seen. The old elephant, "Cana- " now called "Romeo," and a baby elephant, are under the rge of Canada Bill, an old an experienced elephant keeper. e ring stock and the ponies are very handsome, and will nal any on the road this season. The equestrian part of the ow is good. The programme commences with an *entree* by company, introducing Tom King, Jas. DeMott, Md'lle Vir- nia, Ma'lle Josephine and others. Tom King rode a double act h Md'lle. Virginia. The dresses worn by them were very aracteristic, as well as very handsome. Jimmy DeMott rode graceful and dashing bareback principal act. Md'lle ephine also rode a bareback act. Theodore Tourniaire a hurdle act, James Ward's slack rope act, the changes by mes DeMott, as well as the brother act by Hill and partner, re all well performed and heartily applauded. Henri Sa- ino and boy have left the show, and Geo. Wambold, contor- nist, was called to Philadelphia, so we did not see them. The rforming dogs were very cleverly performed by Tom King. of. Longworthy entered the performing den, and showed n's power over the most ferocious of beasts. Taken alto- ther, as a combination of equestrian and animal exhibition. e "Forepaugh Menagerie and Circus" is one of the best, if not e best on the road this summer. Their procession is over one le in length, including their cages of animals, together with their ring stock, ponies, elephant, etc., which is very im- sing. Mr. Forepaugh is having a performing den built by the ding Brothers, at a cost of $2,000, which can be run into the ng, which is decidedly better than the one he has now, as only e side is seen. The route ahead of this show will be found in r advertising columns.

Negro Minstrelsy.

HOOLEY has secured a party of dark-skinned mock-turtle Jap- ese Jugglers for his opera house in Brooklyn, and they are an- unced to give their initial performance this evening, May 27th, troducing the various acts of top-spinning, wash-tubbing, lad- r-climbing, butterflying, and headlong dashing to wind up the ort. Brother Beecher will probably visit the Japs at Hooley's, d give us his impressions of the Niggers at his next Friday ht prayer meeting.

No Go.—The colored population of Toronto, C. W., failed to uce the city authorities to prevent the posting of "caricatures their race," and minstrel companies are still at liberty to bill city as they please. A correspondent says:—"Some con- ptible 'white trash,' however, seem disposed to injure the ness of parties who may visit that city, and employ a very g method to attain their object. When Ben Cotton's Min- ls were announced there, about three weeks ago, their agent, Kendall, covered a large board, 75 or 80 feet in length, ich stands on the principal street, with the finest set of min- bills ever seen in that city; but before the party reached every cut on the board was disfigured in a most obscene ner, thus converting a handsome display of printing into a ance. The perpetrators of this dastardly act are unknown, it was doubtless well for them that they remained so. gents who advertise in that city hereafter would do well to hire 'private watchman' to patrol the vicinity of their boards, and by prevent such unartistic displays as that above men- ned. La Rue's Minstrels had this board covered for two eks, but their bills were not defaced. The fact that they yed at the *Royal Lyceum* may have had some bearing on the e.

DAN COTTON'S MINSTRELS closed their tour through Canada at Ottawa, C. W., where they occupied Her Majesty's Theatre on May 16th, 17th and 18th, and played to very good business. They found Canada rather unfruitful for minstrel operations, as they were unfortunate in encountering all the recent rainy weather there, and in three weeks had but three fine nights. They re- entered the States at Ogdensburg, N. Y., where they played to a fine house on the 20th, and are now retracing their steps over the route they pursued when going West. They were at Water- town on the 21st; Oswego, 22d; Syracuse, 23d; Utica, 24th; Ilion, 25th, and billed for Little Falls 27th; Schenectady, 28th; Hudson, 29th; Poughkeepsie, 30th; Newburgh, 31st, and Walden's Opera House, Paterson, N. J., on June 1st. They go thence to Newark, Boston and towns on the Camden and Amboy R. R.

BONNETT AND KEITH'S GEORGIA MINSTRELS gave two enter- tainments at Reading, Pa., on May 24th and 25th.

BILL SANFORD'S MINSTRELS are doing better at Athletic Hall, Philadelphia, than they did at Concert Hall. He remains at the latter place the present week. We are given to understand that Sam's new place is to be at Broad and Walnut, and if all goes right workmen will commence the hall on or about June 3.

NEWCOMB'S MINSTRELS are said to be doing a good business out West, notwithstanding they encounter a circus company about every other day. They open in St. Louis for six nights, at the St. Louis theatre, June 3d.

SAM SHARPLEY'S MINSTRELS are plodding along through the New England towns. The boys will warble this week as follows: Worster, Mass., 27; Putnam, Conn., 28; Worcester, Mass., 29; Fitchburg, 30; Clinton, 31st; Milford, June 1, and commence a summer season at the Howard Athenæum, Boston, on June 10. Any one wishing to invest in the show business has an op- portunity seldom offered. A minstrel company already estab- lished in the city is in want of a partner. See advertisement.

BILLY EMERSON is said to have been the cause of a little trouble during the stay of Newcomb's Minstrels at Grand Rapids, Mich., lately. A married lady named Mrs. Yates, with an only daughter, eloped from her husband, leaving a note on the table in her room for her husband, in which she said that it would be useless to follow her, as she would not come back alive. Billy is said to have accompanied the lady. Will she come back alive?

LEAVITT'S MINSTRELS were at Calais, Me., May 24th and 25th, and St. Andrews, N. B., May 26th.

LA RUE'S MINSTRELS will appear in Louisville, Ky., all this week, and open in Cincinnati on the 4th of June for one week.

NEWCOMB'S MINSTRELS were at Peoria, Ill., on May 22d, and at St. Louis, Mo., this week.

CHAS MARLOW, banjoist, etc., advertises for an engagement in this CLIPPER, to which we refer for address.

DUPREZ AND BENEDICT'S MINSTRELS are evidently having every- thing all their own way out in the far West, judging by the fol- lowing complimentary notices:—"They were greeted with a large house at the City Hall, and their performances were received with enthusiastic applause and unbounded merriment. The music, vocal and instrumental, was excellent, and the fun *was* fun. Lew Benedict and Billy West vied with each other in mirth- provoking sallies. Every member of the company is just suited to his part. The whole performance is well managed, and these minstrels are the best now swinging round the circle."—*Madison (Wis.) Journal.* "Duprez and Benedict's troupe had a perfectly crammed house last Wednesday night. The performance included many novel features in negro minstrelsy, among which was the 'shadow Pantomime,' which gave the audience laughing enough for a week."—*Green Bay (Wis.) Advocate.* "Duprez and Bene- dict's Minstrels gave one of their unequaled performances before a crowded house at the City Hall. The performance was the best we have seen on the minstrel stage for many a year, and they are justly called the best troupe traveling. Lew Benedict and Billy West kept the house in a roar whenever they made their appearance. Where all are good it is hard to particularize, and that is the case with this troupe."—*Madison Daily Union.*

TWO END MEN, one to rattle his bones and the other to use his wits, cranium, etc., on the tamborine, are wanted for an estab- lished troupe, and must not be too much addicted to the flowing bowl. *Vide* Tambor's advertisement for additional particulars.

Music Halls

"THE DEMON DANCE," produced during the past week at Fox's American, Philadelphia, made the *habitues* stare. Philadelphians are very fond of such sights, and many of them visit New York weekly to see our "Black Crook."

BILLY PASTOR, having terminated his engagement with Man- ager Lingard, is prepared to engage with first-class managers. Billy is one of the best comic vocalists of the day; and his *re- pertoire* is replete with all the choice *bon mots* of the season.

REYNOLDS & CO.'S COMBINATION, at the Front Street Theatre, Baltimore, Md., consisting of Harry Leslie, Carlo and Sons, Carrie Moore, Miss Argeia Sefton, *danseuse*, and Master Stewart, are not doing well. The management assert that they have $10,000 to experiment with at the Front (public opinion is that they will lose it). The Front is to be sold shortly and will be converted into some sort of a factory. Its location was for many years a stumbling block, as play goers generally preferred a more central location. When first opened, Oct. 21st, 1829, it was one of the largest and most elegantly furnished houses of the kind in the United States. It was burned to the ground February 3d, 1838, during its occupancy by Cooke & Co.'s Circus, and forty-seven trained and acting horses were literally roasted in the stable under the stage. It was undoubtedly the work of an incendiary, and Mr. Cooke's loss was such as to be irrepar- able, at least for a number of years. The present building was erected on its site and opened Dec. 3d, 1838, by F. C. Wemyss.

FITZ SIMMONS commenced an engagement on May 27th at the Theatre Comique, Cleveland, Ohio, as Seth Howard, in his own sensational drama of "Belle of the City." On the 30th "The Fe- male Pickpocket" was announced for production.

THE "MODEL" CONCERT HALL at St. Joseph, Mo., is said to be increasing in popularity. The company consists of Julia Barton, Rose La Ferrest, Hank De Vou, Frank Steele, Miss Crews, Jim Hays, Billy Banks and Master Eddie.

CHARLIE WHITE'S COMBINATION TROUPE, at the old Pittsburgh Theatre, was to have closed on the 25th May.

Miscellaneous.

THE BENI-ZONG-ZONG ARABS, twenty-five in number, were at Utica on May 20th and 21st; Troy, 22d and 23d; Albany, 24th and 25th; Poughkeepsie, 27th and 28th, and are to be in New- burgh 29th and 30th, and Newark, N. J., 31st and June 1. Harry Tyndale, formerly with the Fakir of Ava, is the advance agent for the party.

THE ALLEGHANIANS were billed for Newark, N. J., on May 24, 25, 27 and 29, and go to Elizabeth for the 30th.

THE VARIAN-HOFFMAN COMBINATION was concertizing in Poughkeepsie, Newburgh, Hudson, and other towns along the North river, all last week.

ED. S. SULLIVAN, late of Skiff & Gaylord's Minstrels, is at pre- sent retired from the show business, and located in Youngstown, O., where he has opened a news depot and variety store, and will always be found on hand to attend to the wants of show- men. See his advertisement.

THE STRAKOSCH OPERA TROUPE, while traveling between Logansport, Ind., and Chicago, Ill., on May 25th, met with a railroad accident. Two passenger cars were upset, and Brignoli, Carl Rosa, and two chorus singers were slightly injured. Parepa and the other members of the company escaped uninjured.

AN ORCHESTRA LEADER, one who claims to be competent in every way, advertises in this week's CLIPPER for a "posish."

M. JOHN DENIER has been traveling through Texas for some time. On May 14th he was at Austin, and expected to be in San Antonio about May 22d.

THE BUISLAY FAMILY were announced to open at the Varieties, Galveston, Texas, on May 20th.

SARGEANT, the magician, closed in Savannah, Ga., on May 22d.

THE ELLINGER AND FOOTE COMBINATION will give two enter- tainments at Lancaster, Pa., on May 27th and 28th.

MANAGER JOHN ALLEN produced the "Black Crook" on May 20th at Louisville, Ky., cast as follows:—Count Hardyknute, Mr. T. Keene; Karl Thunderton, Mr. Sam Ryan; Rodolph, J. W. Hill; Lady Agnes, Miss Kate Fletcher.

THE CASE of Prof. Anderson, who a short time ago was arrest- ed and placed under $500 bail for giving gift entertainments at Norristown, Pa., was called up in court at that place last week. The Prof. not being present the bail was forfeited.

JOHN P. SMITH, the well known show agent, was the recipient of a complimentary testimonial at the Institute, Baltimore, Md., on May 23d, and realized about $300. Col. Jno. R. Johnson, Geo. Kunkel, Alfred Stewart and Harry Talbott volunteered.

"THAT COMICAL BROWN," William Hayward, the baliadist, and E. M. Eustis, with the educated dogs Scottie and Prince, were billed to show in Sandy Hill, N. Y., May 27th; Whitehall, 28th; Fairhaven, Vt., 29th, and Poultney, Vt., 30th.

THE SPAULDING BROTHERS are billed ahead as follows:—Gor- ham, N. H., May 30th; Lenoxville, C. E., 31st; Sherbrooke, June 1st; Richmond, June 3d; Danville, 4th; Point Levi, 5th; Que- bec, 6th, 7th and 8th. Wilder has stopped advertising, owing to sick- ness, and Thos. P. James is the present *general courier*.

MORRIS SIMMONDS, the well known business agent, has gone to Europe with the Hanlon Brothers. His address *pro tem.* will be found in our advertising columns.

A LECTURER ON CHINA and the Chinese is advertised for in another column by B. J. Darlington.

BANJO BANGERS, clog hoppers, jig jiggers, and "stugenta" generally in these branches of the arts and sciences, should go one eye at least on Bogan's card in our advertising columns.

THOSE who wish to procure coverings for the feet, such as are used on the stage, should bestow their patronage on Joseph Somers, who is some if not somer in that line. His address will be found in our advertising columns.

CHARLEY GLEASON is now rusticating at his paternal mansion at Lawrence, Mass. Before leaving the Carter Troupe he was presented by the members collectively with a beautiful ebony, gold mounted cane, appropriately inscribed, when pleasant speeches were exchanged between the recipient and J. Heneage.

WATSON AND DELANO'S COMIC COMBINATION are about starting on their summer campaign.

WASHINGTON HALL, Williamsburgh, L. I., has just been reno- vated and decorated, and is now offered for rent in our adver- tising columns.

THE CITIZENS OF NEW ORLEANS are to be the first in the United States, we understand, to have the privilege of the first look at Arragon's Great Exhibition, consisting of views of the ancient cities of the Old World, which will be found enumerated in our advertising columns.

A YOUNG BEAR is advertised for sale, in another column, by J. C.

THE PEAK AND BERGER FAMILIES were at Massilon, Ohio, the past week, and are billed at Columbus, Ohio, for May 29th, to re- main four nights.

THE SPAULDING BROTHERS' SWISS BELL RINGERS are said to be doing a good business in the State of Maine. They have engaged Music Hall, Boston, Mass., for the glorious 4th of July, and will be assisted by the "big organ."

DORLAND'S "MILTONIAN TABLEAUX" was on exhibition all last week at Parkersburg, Va., and this week is at Wheeling, Va.

ALF. BURNETT, the humorist, assisted by Helen Nash, was at Masonic Temple, Louisville, Ky., three nights last week, closing on May 25th.

THE CITIZENS of Harlem, Morrisania, and vicinity were favored with another of W. K. Bassford's first class concerts, (which are so will calculated to break up the monotony of rural life in the suburban districts,) at National Hall, Harlem, on the 21st inst. The artists were Mrs. Julia Morris, soprano; Miss Nettie Sterl- ing, contralto; L. P. Thatcher, tenor; Herman Trost, bass; I. B. Poznanski, violin; W. K. Bassford, piano; and C. H. Dible, con- ductor. *The* feature of the concert was Poznanski's violin play- ing with Bassford's piano accompaniments, both of whom rank A. 1 as artists. In the vocal part, the duet "La Calabrisa" by Mrs. Morris and Miss Sterling pleased us much. National Hall was well filled by an appreciative and critical audience. Harlem- ites have great reason to rejoice for having such a neat, ornate, and commodious hall to assemble in, for it is exceedingly well adapted for either music or the dance, and calculated to attract the better class of entertainments. Mrs. Morris gives a concert at the same hall on the 28th, we understand. A full house will greet her certainly.

SIGNOR DUVALLI, canary bird imitator, may be engaged by ad- dressing him as per advertisement.

A PANORAMA is advertised for sale cheap in another column by C. J. Luzenberg.

Foreign Dramatic and Show News.

JOHN HENDERSON, equestrian director, died at Ipswich, Eng., on May 11.

VOUSDEN was at Belfast, Ireland, on May 10.

MAD. PERSIANI, a distinguished English vocalist, died in Paris May 5th, aged 50 years.

LOUISE STUART, a French actress, died in Paris April 21.

CARRY NELSON, well known in this country as one of the Nelson Sisters, was, at last advices, seriously ill in Belfast, Ire- land.

LIZZIE PROVAN, tight rope artiste, wife of Mr. T. B. Brydge, comic vocalist, of Manchester, died on May 5th.

MADGE ROBERTSON, who is at present playing the leading char- acter in "A Great City," at Drury Lane Theatre, London, Eng., met with an accident lately. The play is designed to meet the popular craving to realism, and one of the incidents is the driv- ing of a hansom cab, probably taken off the stand outside, across the stage. As it entered, and the driver smacked his whip, and the lady who had summoned it (Miss Robertson) jumped in, pit and galleries all densely crowded sent out a roar of applause so sudden and so loud that the horse, frightened out of his wits, became almost ungovernable, backed the cab on the footlights till it bent the brass rod which protects them, and but for the strenuous exertions of the supers, who "whoohoed" in the most natural and unstagy style, would have shot poor Miss Robertson head over heels into the orchestra, with the cab upon her and the horse most probably on the top of the cab. The beast at last recovered itself, and galloped a short distance in a most spirited manner, and Miss Robertson escaped unscathed.

AMUSEMENTS.

KELLY & LEON'S MINSTRELS, 720 B'WAY.

THE GREATEST HIT EVER MADE IN MINSTRELSY. HUNDREDS NIGHTLY UNABLE TO GAIN ADMISSION.

THE ONLY LEON'S
GREAT TRIUMPH OF THE SEASON, RECEIVED BY DENSE- LY CROWDED HOUSES WITH THE WILDEST EN- THUSIASM AND ROARS OF LAUGHTER.

LEON'S ORIGINAL BURLESQUE OF THE

JJJJ	AAA	PPPPPP	SSSS
JJ	AAAA	PP PP	SS SS
JJ	AA AA	PP PP	SS SS
JJ	AAAAAA	PPPPP	SS
JJ	AA AA	PP	SS SS
JJ JJ	AA AA	PP	SS SS
JJJJ	AAAA AAAA	PPPP	SSSS

introducing all their original and truly wonderful feats of But- ter-flying, Top-Spinning, Balancing, Legerdemain, terminating with the

TERRIFIC FLYING LEAP.

EDWIN KELLY, EPH HORN, NELSE SEYMOUR, AND COM- PANY, IN THEIR GREAT SPECIALITIES.

BOX OFFICE OPEN DAILY FROM 9 A. M. TO 5 P. M.

MEG'S DIVERSIONS, 75c.
8-1t* Address H. C. HUSTED, 102 Nassau st., N. Y.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.
UNEQUIVOCAL SUCCESS OF THE NEW LOCAL ROMANTIC DRAMA, ENTITLED
TREASURE TROVE,
TREASURE TROVE,
TREASURE TROVE,
received by a densely crowded audience with the most ENTHUSIASTIC DEMONSTRATIONS OF DELIGHT.
THE PRISONER'S MARCH.
THE BEAUTIFUL SARATOGA SCENE.
THE FALLS OF THE CANAGAGA.
THE ASCENT OF THE CRAG.
THE RESCUE FROM THE CATARACT.
THE GREAT STOCK EXCHANGE SCENE.
THE GRAND SCENE ON BROADWAY.
THE NEWSBOYS' DANCE.
THE BEAUTIFUL GRACE CHURCH TABLEAU.
All hailed with the heartiest evidences of approval.
TREASURE TROVE AGAIN TO-NIGHT AND ALL THE WEEK.

LINGARD'S
NEW THEATRE,
514 BROADWAY, 514
Commencement of the
REGULAR DRAMATIC SEASON.
Engagement of the Talented and Versatile Comedienne,
MISS FANNY HERRING,
Who will appear in her great personation of
LYSIAH, THE ABANDONED,
In the drama of that name, supported by a
MOST EXCELLENT DRAMATIC COMPANY.
MATINEES WEDNESDAYS AND SATURDAYS.

GUIDE TO THE STAGE, 15 CENTS. Address
8-1t* H. C. HUSTED, 102 Nassau st., New York.

AMUSEMENTS.

WALLACK'S.

Proprietor and Manager.....MR. LESTER WALLACK

BOUCICAULT'S
LAST AND MOST
TRIUMPHANT SUCCESS,
ENTITLED

OR,
A FOUR LEGGED FORTUNE,
EVERY EVENING.
Doors open at 7½; commence at 8 o'clock. 8-1t

HUGUENOT CAPTAIN, Drama, by Watts Phil- lips; price $1. Address H. C. HUSTED, 102 Nassau st. 8-1t*

BROADWAY THEATRE. Admission 50 cts.
Business Manager.....W. A. MOORE
The Lessee has the honor to announce to the public a limited engagement with the youthful, talented and charming favorite,
LUCILLE WESTERN,
whose success in the several principal cities West and South, to- gether with Philadelphia and Baltimore, may be termed a
CHAIN OF UNPRECEDENTED TRIUMPHS.
This truly great artist has, by her innate power and natural- ness of personation, won distinction in every city in which she has appeared; while in this city, when a stranger to the New York stage, she was immediately recognized both by the press and public, and gained a popularity accorded only to positive merit.
ON MONDAY EVENING, May 27, 1867,
DURING THE WEEK, AND SATURDAY MATINEE,
C. W. Tayleure's moral emotional play, entitled
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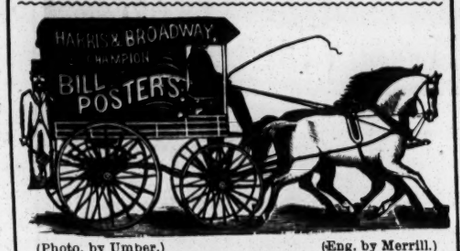

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